

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK.

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

NUMBER 2245

[EDITORIAL ON FOURTH PAGE]

A crank am I on the subject of footwear said a gentleman to us the other day. He meant that he was very particular about his shoes. Perhaps he had very tender sensitive feet, and very hard to fit, and withal, perhaps he had considerable pride as to the looks of his shoes, as well as an eye to their quality and durability. Crank as he called himself, we easily found and sold him a pair that suited him exactly, and that he has since told us were two dollars and one-half less than he had been paying in Chicago for the same shoes. Perhaps my friend you also are a little cranky on the shoe question. Let us assure you that we have a long list of gentlemen who consider themselves shoe cranks, to whom we have furnished shoes to their entire satisfaction the past year. We can "shoe" you and equally satisfy you, if you but give us the chance. Our \$4 gent's hand sewed shoes are as good a shoe as you ever wore, no matter what price you paid, at \$3, \$2.50, \$2 and \$1. We aim to have gent's shoes considerably better than you can buy elsewhere at the same prices. All that is needed to prove all we claim for our shoes is a trial.

S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

SAVE MONEY

BUY

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

—OF—

S. S. DODGE,

THE LEADING JEWELER.

As we buy all our goods for spot cash we can and will give you the BEST BARGAINS to be found in the market.

—O—

S. S. DODGE,

Cor Main St. and Hennepin Ave.

Citizen's Convincing Confidence

—IN—

TILLSON & HAYDEN,

As Practical Prescription Pharmacist. During March's Melancholy Malady (one month) they compounded Four Hundred and Ninety-two Prescriptions (original) no duplicates counted. We agreeably appreciate this commanding compliment, coming from Patriotic Patrons and Practical, Progressive Physicians.

We Also Make A Specialty of Fine Wall Paper,

Curtains, Paints, Oils, Strictly Pure White Lead, and Old Fashioned Kettle Boiled Oil (genuine), at Pleasing Prices. Call and see the LEADERS.

TILLSON & HAYDEN.

We Invite

WAIT FOR OUR

GRAND OPENING

On and after April 4th, at

Austins' Old Stand,

Where we will place on

Exhibition all Class of Merchandise

G. W. DUNCAN,

West Main Street.

DIXON MUSIC CO.

160 Galena Ave.

FOR SALE BY
E. A. BODWELL



DIXON, ILLINOIS,
ROUND CORNER BLOCK.

THEODORE RUST,

The Jeweler, is the best place for

Watch, Clock and Jewelry

REPAIRING

Gold and Steel Spectacles Repaired!

GLASSES FITTED

And Adjusted to the eye.

—AT—

THEO. RUST, Jeweler,

Main St., Van Epps Block.

Candy Kitchen

Best Peanut

—AND—

Cocoanut Candy

15c PER POUND!

SATURDAY

APRIL 4th.

—The tale now being published in THE TELEGRAPH is a "Rattling good tale," as the rattle-snake said of his caudal extremity.

—Mrs. H. W. Carver is recovering from a severe attack of diphtheria.

—Mr. Weyant, of Nachusa, is on the sick list, also Mrs. Jno. Scrivner.

—Not far from here in the near future you can gaze on a geising garden.

—J. C. Mead is out to-day and says that he is still on the track for assessor.

—C. F. Furley, of Prairieville, took dinner at the Nachusa House to-day.

—Jacob Depuy is improving his residence by paint and paper in choice colors.

—Mrs. George Atkins, of Peoria avenue, is suffering with asthma and bronchitis.

—Ira Detweiler, of Sterling, is visiting with his friend, George Blackman, in this city.

—Mrs. C. E. Palmer and daughter, Della, of Freeport, are visiting in this city.

—There is a slight change in the morning passenger trains east on the Northwestern.

—Attorney Moritz Rosenthal came home from Chicago last night to spend Sunday.

—Mrs. Jacob and Miss Kitty Depuy are both confined to the house on account of sickness.

—A. L. Spafford, of Grand Detour, and Dr. Abbott, of Harmon, spent a few hours in our city.

—A. O. Stackpole is slowly recovering from bilious fever, but is still confined to his bed.

—Miss Mary Loy, of Chicago, is visiting in this city with her sister, Mrs. Dan Curran, Jr.

—The new Kansas congressman declares that he is not a sockless Socrates. This is partly true.

—Fifty or sixty thousand people in Chicago are wheezing, sneezing and crying with la grippe.

—The Aurora Literary Society will have the annual literary contest Friday evening of next week.

—The Vespera Literary Society will entertain you nicely, if you so desire, at college chapel this evening.

—Miss Bertie Piffer, niece of D. W. McKenney, is very ill with nervous prostration and heart failure.

—A baby girl came to live at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Snyder, 311 Ottawa avenue, Thursday afternoon.

—Eggs have been so scarce that "The day of the last minstrel" would have brought a high price last week.

—Jos. Bymaster, soldier, poet and farmer, is seriously sick at the home of Nicholas Steele on the Ridge road.

—It is said that some of the happiest and saddest moments of Napoleon's life were spent while crossing the Alps.

—Mrs. Rachel Phillipot and son, Frank, of Rose Creek, Minnesota, are visiting at the home of John Phillipot in North Dixon.

—Captain Frank Upham starts this evening on a journey to Southern California. We wish him a pleasant trip and a safe return.

—James McCaffrey, who accidentally shot himself a short time since, is recovering, which is very gratifying to his family and friends.

—William Rink lost a package containing clothing. It was marked Ed Higgins, care of Nachusa House. Leave at Bodwell's store.

—Don't give up if la grippe does grapple with you. Remember that a little pluck has saved many a weary human from the too sudden taking off.

—The work has been begun for A. C. Warner and J. F. Palmer for their new one-story brick building on Galena avenue opposite E. B. Baker's office.

—Messrs. Bob Wilson, H. Brenizer, Blake Grover, Will Schuler and Will Cahill, attended a party at Amboy last night and were nicely entertained.

—Papers are made out by C. H. Hughes for the sale of VanEpps block, corner Galena Avenue and First street, to E. B. Allen, of Maquoketa, Iowa, for \$22,000.

—The Secretary of the Dixon Building and Loan Association will be at his office in Schuler Block this and Monday evening, from seven to ten, to receive April payments.

—The Grand Detour Plow Company presented Jerry Hetler with a new Walking Cultivator and a harrow for spring work. Mr. Hetler has been well remembered by neighbors on account of his great losses by fire.

—As we stated yesterday, E. W. Smith is a candidate for supervisor through the urgent request of his friends. He is a man who will represent Dixon in an able and efficient manner, and we hope that those who have asked him to serve will remember that their duty does not end there. It is one of the most important offices in the gift of Dixon; and the entire county is also interested.

—Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Mae, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tillson, and Mr. Edward Nelson Howell, on Saturday evening, April 18, at St. Luke's church.

—Mrs. Eugene Harrington has returned home from Chicago where she has been to care for her sister, Mrs. Gasman, who has been very ill. Her mother, Mrs. Brautigan, will be home this evening.

—The old la grippe jokes that prevailed when that disease was prevalent last year, THE TELEGRAPH is pleased to note have not been re-upholstered for this Spring use. Perhaps the matter is most too seri us this time.

—Not long since THE TELEGRAPH announced Judge Stipp, of Princeton, had lost his mind. A despatch from Tacoma states that the fall of his daughter was cause of his mental trouble, and that she also has lost her reason.

—As an antidote for a grippe there is nothing better than a perusal of THE TELEGRAPH. Taken daily it is a certain cure. No family should be without it, and indeed, there are only a dozen or so in Dixon who are in that deplorable predicament.

—THE TELEGRAPH has always contended that the tariff question should not be made a political issue. Gov. Hill, the great democratic leader of New York, appears to agree with us as our readers probably noticed by his letter, printed in this paper yesterday, repudiating free trade as not being democratic. It is possible that he is giving an opponent a rap over the shoulders of a free trade mass meeting.

—Mrs. Eli Lloyd died at her home in North Dixon yesterday at four o'clock. Her death was entirely unexpected. As she was about to rise from her bed in the morning to prepare her husband's breakfast she was suddenly prostrated and lost consciousness at once. She did not rally and lingered until about four o'clock in the afternoon. The funeral will take at the house to-morrow at half past two o'clock.

—Count Tolstoi, the great Russian crank, after squeezing all the fun out of life that he could in his young days has turned reformer in his old age and become very ascetic, going so far as to say that all the ills of life come from the use of tobacco, but forgets to confess that the smell of smoke makes him sick. Not long ago, now that his wild oats are all harvested he told us it was a mortal sin for a man to marry, and when asked if the race wouldn't die out under that regime the old rogue replied, "The sooner the better."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION.

A Grand Good Time Enjoyed—Able Papers and Lively Discussion.

The first annual convention of the Lee County Christian Endeavor Union opened yesterday afternoon at the Baptist church in this city with the president, W. C. Barden, in the chair, and Dr. J. P. Throne secretary. It was all through a most interesting meeting. The eight societies of the county, with a membership of over three hundred were represented here yesterday by twenty delegates.

After a short earnest devotional exercise, Miss Anna E. Pratt, president of the Dixon Baptist Y. P. S. C. E., made the address of welcome, cordially greeting those in attendance to the hospitality of Dixon and its Christian endeavor workers. President Barden responded in appropriate words and delivered an address briefly outlining the organization and work of the society.

Prof. H. V. Baldwin presented an able paper on "Our Union." The subject was well handled and the missionary work at home and abroad dwelt on.

Miss Anna Carson, of Amboy, read a paper on "Our Prayer Meeting, &c." This paper was filled with practical ideas on the prayer meeting.

Mrs. J. H. Miller, of this city, spoke on "Our Lookout Committee, &c." The work of this important committee was brought out, advancing the work presented.

Mrs. C. W. Anthony, of Franklin Grove read a most interesting paper on "The Work of the School Committee."

The report shows that every society in Lee county was represented.

The discussions after each paper were lively and brought out new and practical suggestions on the work.

From four o'clock until seven a delightful social was enjoyed, a bountiful supper being served in the basement of the church at half past five.

At seven o'clock there was a business meeting of the executive committee.

The evening exercises opened with a bible lesson followed by a prayer by Rev. C. W. Anthony, and a song by the choir.

Rev. C. W. Anthony then entertained the audience on the subject "Ten years of Christian Endeavor."

Rev. C. W. Anthony, of Franklin, talked of Christian Endeavor, opening with the statement that he had known not much of the society until recently, but had noticed its silent progress. For Christ and the Church was the motto that must win. It was born of God. The work was spreading to the Pacific Slope and over the east, over the Atlantic. (Continued on page four.)

LA GRIPPE AGAIN.

The world never experienced such a fatal epidemic as the la grippe, every city and hamlet on the globe has, or will be visited by this dread disease, prepare thyself with 128 doses of Duffin's Life Balm for one hundred cents, 64 doses fifty cents, 32 doses twenty-five cents, on sale at W. D. Duffin's Pharmacy.

The EVENING TELEGRAPH has for many years flashed the latest and most important news to the citizens of the thriving City of Dixon, in advance of the great Chicago dailies.

It has, with lightning speed, transmitted to its eager, wide awake readers, all the local happenings of importance to the community. It has, with the swiftness of the electric current, espoused every cause calculated to advance the interests of Dixon and its citizens, and to day its messages are received at nearly every house in a delightful, prosperous city, which has increased in population about 50 per cent. in three years. It is true that property has increased in value considerably during this period of substantial prosperity, but remember that three years ago property was almost unsalable, and it is not yet as high as in most cities of the size of Dixon. Good investments are plenty, and if you expect to invest, see C. H. Hughes in the Schuler Building, who will also furnish you first class fire insurance.

FOR RENT!

The Loveland Farm opposite Milk Factory, now in grass; apply at once.

Buy Chicago Lots,
There is money in them. Agent for S. E. GROSS.

For Sale, City Lots and Buildings

If you have property to sell bring me a description of it.

MONEY TO LOAN

At a low rate of interest!

Geo. C. Loveland,

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS

NEW GOODS

—IN—

Solid Silver

—AND—

PLATED WARE!

Novelties and Standard Goods!

PRICES VERY REASONABLE.

GIVE ME A CALL at my New Store and I will be pleased to show you what I have.

E. L. KILGIC,
160 Galena Ave.

T. J. MILLER

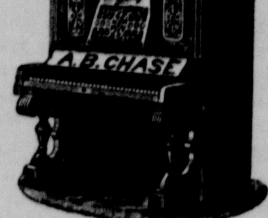
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Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines,

And Musical Merchandise!

LARGEST STOCK TO SELECT FROM

ORGANS!



PIANOS!

Our Motto: Best Goods, Lowest Prices, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

NO. 11 EAST FIRST STREET.

GO TO

ISAAC MEANS.

—FOR—

Hard and Soft Coal

33 ST. NEAR THE ARCH.

HERE WE ARE!

At No. 11 Main Street, where we can show you as large a stock of

Paint as Any House in Lee County.

If you think of painting call and see us before buying your stock, as we can show you some fire new colors, and can suit you as to quality, color and prices.

ALABASTINE!

The permanent Wall-Finish in all the newest shades

Will Be Pleased To Have You Give Us A Trial Order!

D. S. HORTON,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST.

Dixon,

Illinois.

Great :: Shoe :: Sale!

AT BROWN BROTHERS.

EIGHT DOZEN FLEXIBLE SOLE, KID, BUTTON SHOES

Every pair warranted, at \$2.70 per pair!

➤GENTLEMEN OF DIXON◀

We can give you first-class shoes and save you from 50c to \$1.50 on each and every pair.

BROWN BRO'S

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

❖ SUGAR ❖

GRANULATED SUGAR 20 lbs for \$1.00

STANDARD A. SUGAR 21 lbs for \$1.00!

JUST RECEIVED

A CAR OF CHOICE EATING AND EARLY SEED POTATOES!

CARDEN SEED IN BULK!

J. H. Morris & Son.



We have put in a Complete Stock of

Loaded Shot Gun Shells

Of the Best Quality, embracing all the leading loads



ALEXANDER & HOWELL,

112 GALENA AVENUE, NEAR THE BRIDGE.

➤ A BLOOMING WINDOW ➤

➤ DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT ➤

Begonias, Primroses, Daisies, Heliotropes, Rose Geraniums, Leopard Plants, Lady Washingtons; beautiful, healthy Plants at a Low Price, at

I. B. COUNTRYMAN'S,

Announcement.
I wish to announce myself as a candidate for the office of tax collector at the coming election.
Respectfully,
PHILIP WELCH.
I wish to announce to the voters of Dixon township that I am a candidate for election to the office of tax collector at the next township election.
Respectfully,
E. A. SNOW.
I wish to announce myself as a candidate for collector at the coming township election and, as the support of neighbors.
I hereby place my name to be voted upon for Tax Collector by the voters of Dixon Township at the coming election.
E. B. BAKER.
I hereby place my name before the people of Dixon Township to be voted upon for tax collector at the coming election.
PETER M. RAMSEY.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for collector at the coming township election of Dixon, and the suffrage of the legal voters will be taken, and this may be considered my personal call, for by so doing none are slighted.
GEORGE M. DELAND.
Being solicited to do so by my friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of highway commissioner at the coming township election.
GEORGE J. GITT.
To my many friends I would announce that I will be a candidate for the office of tax collector at the coming spring election.
J. H. HUGHES.
I hereby announce to my many friends that I will be a candidate for the office of highway commissioner of Dixon Township, at the coming spring election.
M. F. HARVEY.

CITY NATIONAL BANK.
JOSEPH CRAWFORD, Pres.
SAMUEL C. EELER, Cashier.
This bank is fully equipped to take care of its customers. Its safety deposit vaults and boxes should be patronized by everybody who desires absolute security for their valuable papers, jewelry, etc.

FOR SALE
WOOD—A lot of soft wood, price \$1.75 per cord on the ground at Hazelwood. Apply at the
MILK CO'S OFFICE.
BICYCLE—50 inch Columbia Victor, in perfect repair. Will sell cheap for cash or on easy monthly payments.
C. H. STACKPOLE.

OFFICE FURNITURE chairs, desks, tables, pigeonhole cases, trunk cases and other office furniture.
DIXON & BETHEA.
CHEAP LOTS—I have for sale some very cheap lots of furniture. They are terms given on payments.
A. C. WALKER, 2046.
OR WILL EXCHANGE for Dixon real estate, in Pasadena, Cal., a beautiful residence lot, 75x200 feet, rich land covered with orange and other fruit trees in full bearing, for further information apply at this office.
H. H. H.

MY MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE on West Third Street at a great bargain. Will be forced to advance the price to \$6000.00 and will advance soon if not sold soon. It is a great bargain for the money having every modern improvement and convenience with the best location. If you desire to see the residence in the city for the money address owner, G. L. BOSSEMEYER, 1433 1/2 St. 55 Elizabeth St., Chicago.

FOR RENT.
STORE—A good store opposite Express office for rent. Immediate possession. Enquire at drug-store of
D. S. HORTON.
HOUSE—of five rooms in central location. Enquire at 159 West Second street.
ROOM—A nicely furnished room in private house, in one of the best locations in town, to one or two ladies. Address A. T. KILGORE, office.

WANTED
GOOD COOK—Inquire at the Nachusa House.
GIRL to do dining room work. Inquire of Flint & Dille, college.
BOARDS by the day or week. Cheap rates and good accommodations at Mrs. RAY'S, No. 73 East Fellows street, North Side, 4418.

A WOMAN to wash and iron one day in each week and for an extra day's work occasionally. Inquire of
MRS. N. UNDERWOOD, North Dixon, 4418.
I have loaned two copies of "Ploughed Under" and one of "Some Difficulties of Belief," which have not been returned. Will borrowers please leave them at Tillson & Hayden's and oblige Mrs. E. C. SMITH.

A competent girl to do general housework. Mrs. D. H. LAW, 4211.
GIRL established to do general housework for small family. Apply at 321 West Third street, Wm. Packard, 4041.
CARPET WEAVING—I am prepared to do weaving of carpets, rugs, etc. The best, and on shortest notice. Also carpets and linings for family medicines for sale. Corner Adams and Sixth St. 3251.

F. E. MORRIS.
DENTIST. All work warranted first-class. Office over G. D. Laing's, 119 Orleans St.
JAMES F. SANFORD.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections made on money to loan. Agent for leading Fire Insurance Companies. Office in Union Block, Main street, Dixon, Ill.

L. J. POLLOCK.
DENTIST. Established in Dixon eleven years. Office in Opera Block, (over post office).
JOHN M. JULIEN, Real Estate Agent.
If you have a house, lot, or any other property to sell or exchange, let John M. Julien. Quick sales and small profits are my motto. For particulars call at my Harbor Shop on Galena street, opposite Post Office.
JOHN M. JULIEN, DIXON, ILL.

GUN AND MACHINE SHOP.
E. R. Kent has opened a new shop on Galena St. one door south of Haguen's harness shop where he is prepared to do all kinds of repairing on short notice.
HAY FURNISHED
I am delivering first class hay or straw on short notice. Orders at E. L. Edwards office or at my house, 521 West Third street, will receive attention.
D. J. MILLER.

BARCAINS.
Our Chicago lots are still selling, and you can make money by buying of us. Write for maps, terms, etc.
ROCKFORD SECURITY AND INVESTMENT CO. 22 1/2 St. S. F. WEYBURN, Mgr.
TELEGRAPHY taught quickly and cheaply. Graduates placed in railway service. Best school of telegraphy on earth. 100 young men wanted now. Send for circulars.
VALENTINE'S SCHOOL, Janesville, Wis. 37 & 35 St.

HORTICULTURE.
Nineteen years experience; planting and pruning property done, laying out of grounds, etc.
W. G. GARLATT, 2817.
BUY A BUFFALO
Wyoming lot. It's the coming city of Wyoming. Has waterworks, electric lights, flouring mills. Located in the garden of Wyoming. Produced the prize potato crop of the United States in 1900. For maps and information apply to
MANN & THOM, Buffalo, Wyo.

SULLEN STRIKERS.

Likelihood of More Bloodshed in the Coke Regions.
NOT OVERAWED BY THE MILITIA.
Significant Report of a Soldier Who Went Among Them and Took Notes—Nearly All of Them Armed with Guns—A Feeling of Contempt for the Guardsmen Abroad—The Leaders Look for a Terrible Outbreak After the Funeral of Those Slain Takes Place.

MT. PLEASANT, Pa., April 4.—Gen. Wiley yesterday detailed Private Keller, of the Eighteenth regiment, who speaks seven languages, to circulate among the Hungarian and other strikers. Last night when Private Keller returned to headquarters he reported to Gen. Wiley as follows: "There is going to be trouble between this and Monday. The strikers are all indignant because the soldiers have been sent here, but they don't seem to fear them. I was in two houses this afternoon where they threatened to attack me until I addressed them in their own tongue. In one house I saw five guns and a number of revolvers. In the other I saw three guns and several revolvers. Five out of every ten of these men have served in the armies of the old country, and they know what soldiers are."

Not Afraid of State Militia.
"They say that the soldiers who have been brought here are simply working-men like themselves and will not interfere with their movements. In one of their papers to-day that I picked up was an article saying they need not be afraid of the militiamen, who were novices and did not know any more about warfare than the strikers themselves. They also know about all the members of the Tenth regiment, and I heard them ridiculing them to-day. So far as I have discovered there is going to be trouble and it will come within the next two days. All of the Hungarians are in a dangerous mood over the killing of their fellow-workmen at Morewood, which they claim was entirely unjustifiable."

A Feeling of Great Uneasiness.
With the militia hurrying through the streets, and restless nervous strikers crowding about the sidewalks and crossings, Mt. Pleasant was a decidedly lively place yesterday. The presence of the soldiers has, to an extent, driven away the uneasy feeling. Still, there is too much uncertainty for comfort. Another deadly conflict will not surprise any one here. The strikers are in a sullen mood. The evidence before the coroner's jury, given so far by strikers and their friends, and tending, as it does, to show that the firing was hasty, has enraged them, and their suppressed wrath may take fire at any time. Not less than 8,000 miners hung around town all day, and the main street in front of the armory where the two companies are stationed was choked up from morning until night.

Soldier and Strikers Fight.
A collision between two strikers and a soldier occurred near the Baltimore and Ohio station yesterday morning. The guardsman was worsted in the fight, and was taken off by friends. The fight tended to unsettle the general feeling, and was accepted as an alarming indication. At a late hour last night the strikers were holding a big meeting, and a feeling of nervousness prevailed among the soldiers.

Instructions to Gen. Wiley.
Gen. Wiley is instructed from Harrisburg to give strict orders to the troops that no firing is to be resorted to unless by order of the officer in command, and said officer shall not give such order until every other means of restoring order has been exhausted. The commanding officer will call upon the strikers to disperse in all cases before firing upon them. But if they refuse he is empowered to order the troops under his command to open fire and keep it up until the mob has fled.

MANAGER LYNCH GIVES BAIL.
Threats Against Capt. Loar—Portentous Talk of the Strike Leaders.
General Manager Lynch and Superintendent Ramsey appeared before Squire McCaleb yesterday afternoon and acknowledged service of warrants issued by the strikers' leaders, charging them with being accessories before the fact to the felonious shooting of the strikers. They entered bail in the amount of \$800 each for a hearing next week. Fears are expressed on all sides for the safety of Capt. Loar, of this place, whose men, it is claimed, shot the strikers. Threats are being made on all sides against him, and he is going around with a bodyguard. The captain himself has no fear, but his fellow officers are very anxious that he protect himself.

Thinks Strikers Should Be Armed.
Ex-Secretary Robert Watson and Vice President Penna, of the United Mine Workers, returned here yesterday. "The killing of these men," said Penna, "has strengthened our position tenfold. We are determined not to lay down. If the operators are to be armed to protect property, and under that pretext shoot down men on the highways, it is time the men were armed to protect their own lives."

Strike Leaders Look for Trouble.
There will be an immense concourse at the funeral of the dead men, and at the cemetery the strike leaders will make orations, the character of which may be easily imagined. "The dirge of the bands at the funeral will be the knell of more people than the martyrs," was the remark of one leader.

"I'm afraid there will be hell to-morrow," said Peter Wise; "you do not know how terribly these men feel this thing; they are now beyond control. We repudiate any responsibility for the future action of the strikers."

In Defense of the Slav Element.
A prominent leader of the Slav element said yesterday that a majority of the crowd on Thursday morning was there under protest; that the American, English and Irish leaders went to the Standard works and forced the Slavs to join them under threats of punishment.

Austria Thinks it a Good Riddance.
LONDON, April 4.—A Vienna dispatch says that very little interest has been aroused there by the reported slaughter in America of a number of Hungarians and Poles. The emigration of that kind is from the lowest dregs of the empire, and the Austrian government is the most aristocratic in Europe, even the electors being of most substantial and superior class. No official information has been given on the subject, but it was stated on an informed authority that there would be an official inquiry into the matter.

THE ELECTION IN SLIGO.

Parrell Beaten by 806—British Liberals Not at All Satisfied.
LONDON, April 4.—After a campaign of the greatest excitement and turbulence the election at Sligo came off Thursday with comparatively little trouble. There were a few unimportant "scraps," and fierce exchanges of compliments, but nothing calling for hard work by the police. The Parrellites were defeated, the majority against them being 806. The priests did not stop urging the voters until their ballots were deposited. They made direct and personal appeals to the voters as they stood in line, to vote against Parrell.

Majority One Thousand Too Little.
The result of the election has not been received with satisfaction by the Liberal leaders. Gladstone is said to be surprised as well as disappointed by the strength which Parrell has shown, in face of the united efforts of the English Liberal party, the Irish hierarchy, and the new national federation. Parrell is acknowledged now to be the representative of a formidable minority, which, while not strong enough to have its own way, is too strong to be treated with anything like indifference. A leading member of parliament said last evening that the majority was 1,000 short of being decisive.

Parrell Too Big To Be Ignored.
"Nothing could show," he said, "more strikingly the wonderful influence of Parrell than the fact that, almost single-handed, with most of his able lieutenants absent from the country, and with the terrible weight of the O'Sheavins upon him, he should be able to poll such a vote against a popular resident of Sligo, and against other united interests making a combination more powerful to all appearances than any ever before arrayed in an Irish election." The Sligo election has not tended to restore Liberal enthusiasm for home rule, and the general sentiment seems to be to make home rule a secondary issue in English Liberal politics.

Balfour's Compliments to the Police.
Balfour has telegraphed to the police authorities at Sligo his appreciation of their arduous and efficient services in preventing serious bloodshed. A dispatch from Sligo says that there is still some apprehension of trouble, and the police are kept on extra duty, and will be until affairs have assumed their normal condition. It is considered fortunate for the community that three of the most aggressive champions, two of Parrell's and one of the McCarthy side, were spoiled for fighting in the first encounter of the election contest, and have since been nursing their bruises at home.

Prefers Balfour to Parrell.
LONDON, April 4.—In a speech at New Castle, J. F. X. O'Brien, M. P., said that "Parrell must never again be allowed to handle the flag that he has disgraced. He would rather submit to fifty years of Balfourism than to home rule under Parrell. If Ireland had home rule with a governor like Parrell she would be disgraced."

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY APPEARS.
And the New Orleans Mob Prepares to Give Him a "Fair Trial."
NEW ORLEANS, La., April 4.—Much to the surprise of the citizens here Detective O'Malley rode to the court yesterday with his counsel, surrendered himself and was admitted to bail. He then went out on the streets and walked around, apparently fearless of violence. The prosecution seems determined to "catch him both in and out," as they have raked up a couple of indictments several years old against him, as well as the one found recently for alleged bribery of the jury in the Hennessey case. The feeling against him is intense and threats have been made against him by many since he transferred that he was here.

"The Law to Take Its Course."
The news that he had surrendered to the officers of the law spread rapidly, and a call for a meeting was issued. The meeting was held in a saloon on Common street, and at it the question of hanging O'Malley was taken up, and some favoring stringing him up to the nearest lamp-post. Sober judgment prevailed, however, and after a spirited discussion it was resolved to allow the law to take its course, and if the outcome of the trial was not what the people required, then "summary vengeance" would be meted out.

LAWMAKING IN ILLINOIS.
Little Business Done by the Legislature—Adjourned to Next Wednesday.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 4.—The senate did not meet yesterday until 5 p. m., and no business of importance was transacted. Adjournment was taken to Wednesday. A resolution was referred in the house declaring in favor of a soldiers' headquarters at the World's fair where both Union and rebel vets can meet and register. Bills were introduced: Providing for a state board of highway commissioners, to secure uniform improvement of state roads; to regulate the values, terms of insurance, and paid up policies of life insurance companies, providing against the lapse of policies, and that the value of the policy at the time it elapses may be used to pay premiums in full exhausted, 6 per cent. per annum; and deducted—it also provides against any waiver claims in any policy; to repeal the Merritt conspiracy law; requiring railway companies to pay employees not later than fifteen days after their month's wages are due. A number of bills were advanced, and the house adjourned to Wednesday.

Ready to Sail to CHIL.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—The navy department has received telegraphic information that the United States steamship San Francisco left Mare Island Friday, and anchored off San Francisco. Everything is in readiness for the vessel to sail to Chile, where she has been ordered to look after the interests of American citizens in the country during the continuance of the revolution there. The San Francisco will be the flagship of the Pacific station. She will be joined at an early date by the Charleston, which is being prepared for sea service at the Mare Island yard.

Did Recognize Gov. Bulkeley.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 4.—Governor Davis issued a warrant yesterday morning on the requisition of Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, for William Darnell, charged with breaking jail in Windham county, Conn.

A heavy snowstorm Thursday night did considerable damage in Boston and other New England cities. Also in New York where a fall from six inches to two feet is reported.

BLAINE BEGUILLED.

A Press Wag's Joke on the State Secretary.

FRENCHMAN HUNG IN THE PARK.
But It Proved To Be Bronze and the Premier Laughed—Further Discussion of the Question of States Rights in Connection with International Obligations—A Related Cablegram Said to Have Caused the Imbroglio—The Latest from Rudini Not Given Out.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Secretary Blaine walked from his house in Lafayette square to the state department, as is his wont. His face was wreathed in smiles. So great was his satisfaction at the latest phase of the Italian situation that he made no effort to conceal his good humor. But he was given a shock by a wag of a newspaper man, who met him in Lafayette square and in tones of well-feigned excitement said to him: "Mr. Blaine, our next row will be with France. Have you heard the news?" "No," was the reply.

"Then look to the corner of the park. A gang of American citizens are hanging a Frenchman within twenty rods of your home."

It Was a Bronze Frenchman.
Mr. Blaine looked, despite his suspicion that a belated April fool joke was being played on him. Sure enough, at the corner of the square, but a few feet from the secretary's residence and within plain view of the White House, the figure of a Frenchman was seen dangling in the air with a rope around his neck. But it was only the bronze figure of one of the compatriots of Lafayette, which the workmen engaged in erecting the Lafayette memorial statue were lifting into place by means of a derrick. Mr. Blaine evidently appreciated the joke, for he laughed good-humoredly and walked on to the state department with the air of a man at peace with himself and all the world. He repeated the joke at the cabinet meeting, and Jerry Bunker, who is fond of jokes, told it to all his callers at the department of agriculture.

That States Rights Question Again.
Authorities on international law are still discussing what is called the weak place in the American system. Many of these men hold that the state department has assumed a ridiculous attitude in attempting to evade the responsibility for the punishment of the New Orleans rioters. These claim that the constitution gives the federal government the power to make treaties and it is natural to assume that it confers upon it the power of conforming to them in disregard of state authority. The constitution is the supreme law of the land and thus higher than the state law.

A Western Statesman's View.
A western congressman, who is one of the best authorities on international law, takes the position that the state department has acted in strict conformity to our constitution. "It is true," says this authority, "that the constitution gives the federal government a right to live up to its treaties, but where is the statute by which these alleged criminals can be punished? It will be necessary for congress to point to the statute for the punishment of the alleged crime. At present we have none such, this power being delegated to the states. Whenever this question of enacting a law for this special case is raised in congress, the old hue and cry will go up about governmental interference with states' rights, and it will be impossible to pass such a piece of legislation."

The Action of the State Final.
Continuing, he said that such a law could not be passed because it would be ex post facto, "and," said he, "if this state of Louisiana, in the regular course of law, does not punish these alleged offenders to point to the statute for the punishment of the alleged crime. At present we have none such, this power being delegated to the states. Whenever this question of enacting a law for this special case is raised in congress, the old hue and cry will go up about governmental interference with states' rights, and it will be impossible to pass such a piece of legislation."

A Dispatch That Came Too Late.
A report is current that after Baron Fava had received his instructions to demand his passports, another telegram arrived countermanding the instructions. Minister Porter having made a satisfactory explanation to the Italian government. But Fava had already presented the first cable message, and it was too late. The date of this inoperative telegram shows that it was decided upon immediately after the return of Premier Rudini to Rome, and after his interview with Minister Porter. Rudini was absent from Rome two or three days during the pendency of negotiations between Baron Fava and Secretary Blaine, and while Minister Porter was attempting to have Minister Fava's appeals for delay listened to.

Fava Still at the Capital.
Inquiry last night at Baron Fava's residence as to whether the baron would leave for New York by a late train in order to sail for Italy to-day was answered by the statement that he was ill. The servant at the door would take no cards to the baron, and could not or would not say how ill the baron was, or answer any questions about his preparations for departure for New York last night. It can be stated, however, positively that he will not sail for Europe to-day.

The Investigation at Last Begins.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—Attorney General Miller has received a telegram from the United States district attorney at New Orleans saying that he is now engaged in the investigation of the recent killing of Italians in the city jail, in accordance with instructions from Washington, and will prepare and forward his report to the attorney general as promptly as possible.

Blaine Withholds Rudini's Latest.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—It was stated by Secretary Blaine late yesterday that he would positively not make public any communications concerning Italian matters last night. The reply of Marquis Di Rudini to Mr. Blaine's note in answer to Baron Fava's notice of recall is in Mr. Blaine's hands, and this is what was referred to in the dispatch printed yesterday.

Detective O'Malley, who is charged with picking the jury in the Mafia cases at New Orleans, has surrendered himself to the authorities. He was admitted to jail in \$5,000.

A STRANGE START IN LIFE.

Two Homeless Ones Meet Under an Awning and Straightway Get Wedded.
NEW YORK, April 4.—A man and a woman entered the Clynnes Street Police station in Brooklyn at 11 o'clock Thursday night and asked Sergeant John Hamilton if he could accommodate them with a cell. They were wet through and shivered with the cold. Hamilton explained that it was against the rules to leave them together, but that he would shelter them for the night in different cells. Both refused the offer indignantly. The woman declared that the man was her husband and that her conception of what was right and proper was at least as keen as the sergeant's.

Proof of a Lawful Marriage.
In proof of her assertion, she handed him a marriage certificate. It was dated April 2, 1891, and testified that "Lulu Lascell, aged 27, had been united in the bonds of holy matrimony to James Gill, aged 32." It was signed by Rev. K. J. White, pastor of an independent church in Bedford avenue known as White's church, and was witnessed by Ida B. White and Eliza White. There was no gainsaying the genuineness of this, and the couple were escorted to a cell by a squad of curious policemen.

Looked Like Her Dead Husband.
To a reporter Mrs. Gill said that she had arrived in Brooklyn late in the afternoon from Princeton. Her husband died a few days ago and she was penniless. She came to look for a stepfather she had not seen for many years. She did not know his address, but thought that Brooklyn was a small town and she would easily find him. Tired, wet and footsore she was considering what to do when she saw James Gill. He was so like her dead husband that she summoned courage to address him. She told him she had no money and asked him to direct her to a charitable institution.

Popped and Was Accepted.
He said that it was no night for a woman to be about. They talked together for some time under cover of an awning, and then he asked her to marry him. His extraordinary resemblance to her late husband made her willing to trust him, and she consented. Together they went to the minister's house, and were married in the presence of his wife and daughter. Jim told her after they were married that he had no home, but now that he had a wife to care for he would soon make one.

A Dispensation of Providence.
She did not regret her hasty action, and was sure she never would regret it. Mr. Gill said that he had long wished for a wife, and considered the remarkable way in which he had met Mrs. Lascell as a dispensation of providence in his favor. When the relief squad of police went on at midnight they sent the couple half a dozen blankets and some hot coffee. Neither the groom nor the bride had a cent of money.

THE INDIAN SOLDIER EXPERIMENT.
It Doesn't Appear To Be a Howling Success in the Wild West.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—The news received at the war department of the result of the efforts being made by western army officers to carry out the provisions of the army appropriation bill authorizing the enlistment in the regular army of 2,000 Indian recruits is very discouraging. The officials report that the Indians will not enlist in the infantry under any circumstances, as they abhor walking. They will not enlist in the cavalry except as scouts, because they do not care to bind themselves to five years' service nor be subject to removal to distant parts of the country. Then, too, they want their women with them, and the great majority of the bucks are unfit for military service physically. It is doubtful if a single Indian company can be recruited in the west.

More Hopeful Outlook South.
But the outlook in the south is more hopeful. At Mount Vernon barracks, a A'anna, where the Apache Indians who led the Geronimo campaign are placed, it is said, that all of the Indians, some thirty five or forty, are about to enlist. These Indians are said to be progressing rapidly in the path of civilization, and the almost incredible fact is reported that the renowned warrior, Geronimo, who was for years the terror of the west, is now a prominent teacher in the local Sunday school, and attends services regularly every Sunday to keep order.

Pardon Asked for Gen. Sigel's Son.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—Mr. William Corvill, of New York, accompanied by Fifth Auditor Haberman and Simon Wolfe, called on President Harrison yesterday and presented a petition for the pardon of Robert Sigel, son of Gen. Franz Sigel, who was sentenced about two years ago to five years in the Kings county (Brooklyn, N. Y.) jail for forging a pension certificate. The petition bears the endorsement of the grand jury that indicted the jury that convicted, and the assistant attorney who conducted the case. The president referred the papers.

Voted to Abolish the Board.
MADISON, Wis., April 4.—The house yesterday, by a vote of 54 to 29, concurred in the senate bill to abolish the state board of charities and reform and the state board of supervision and create a new state board of control. In the senate, on the absence of a number of Democrats, Republicans had a majority and refused to indefinitely postpone the bill for an intermediate state prison, which had been so reported by a committee. The legislature adjourned until Wednesday.

Failure at St. Joseph, Mo.
ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 4.—The wholesale boot and shoe store of Smith, Bias and Co. was closed yesterday by the sheriff on attachments aggregating \$100,000, to satisfy the creditors of A. A. Smith, the valued member of the firm. The stock is valued at \$250,000 and all claims will be paid. Mr. Smith has turned over to the firm \$300,000 worth of property to satisfy his personal debts.

Suicided at His Daughter's Grave.
SAVANNAH, Ga., April 4.—Thomas Gadsden, the cashier of the Merchants' National bank of this city, blew his brains out yesterday at his daughter's grave in Laurel Grove cemetery. He was a prominent business man in this city for many years.

Six Thousand Men to Strike.
NEW YORK, April 4.—Unless the boss painters agree to give their employees eight hours a day and \$3.50 for the work by to-day a general strike will be instituted on Monday, in which 8,000 men will stop work.

-W. K. T. B- CITY NATIONAL CLOTHING CO. TO THE PUBLIC!

We are not gassing when we say that it will pay you to come and see our prices; we will charge you a light profit and give you a warm reception

W K T B
There is no patent on our method of doing business, anybody can do as we are doing—doing the most and best for the money—but it knocks profits, that is why we stand alone in the one price cash business.

W K T B
The heavy profits which some merchants make, like the interest on borrowed money, eats up the earnings and prevent saving; we make no such profits and those who trade with us will find their savings increase with every trade

W K T B
We will give you a lift in the right direction if you will permit us. Help you in the upward path, so to speak, the path of plenty and prosperity. Do you want to use in the world, do you want to be well pleased, remember that economy is the parent of prosperity and become a practical economist by trading with us.

City National One Price Clothing Co.,

No. 7, MAIN STREET - - - - - DIXON, ILLINOIS.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers; only pill for Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia. None so good. Sold by D. S. Horton.

Starting Facts.
The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alphonso Hempling, of Butler, Pa., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus dance Dr. Miles gave Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, and J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds from taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vista, Ind., was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions a day, and much headache, dizziness, backache, and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottles and full book of marvelous cures, free at Tillson & Hayden's, Dixon, Ill., who recommends and guarantees this unequalled remedy.

C. CONNERMAN'S,
Dealer in all kinds of Furniture.
NOTICE!
The man who tells you confidentially, just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottle at all druggists 50c and \$1. Sample bottle free.

PIANOS • ORGANS
AND
Sewing Machines
Sudden Deaths.
Heart disease is by far the most frequent cause of sudden deaths, which is the fact out of four cases is unsuspected. The symptoms are not generally understood. These are: a habit of lying on the right side, short breath, pain or distress in side back or shoulder, irregular pulse, asthma, weak and hungry spells, wind in stomach, swelling of ankles or dropsy, oppression, dry cough and smothering. Dr. Miles' illustrated book on Heart Disease, free at Tillson & Hayden's, Dixon, Ill., who sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' unequalled Nervine Heart Cure, and his Restorative Nervine, which cures nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, effects of drinking, etc. It contains no opiates.

J. J. MITTENBUHLER
Opposite band stand, Dixon, Ill.

THE STEAM CITY LAUNDRY
Having secured the services of an experienced laundryman guarantee FIRST-CLASS WORK.

GIVE US A TRIAL
Family wash, ... 35c per dozen
Rough dry, ... 4c per pound

Work Called For and Delivered
STEAM CITY LAUNDRY
Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.
Main Street West of Peoria.

ARTEMUS TO LINCOLN.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

He Pays a Visit to the President Elect at Springfield, Ill., and Loads Him Up with Chunks of Homely Wisdom—The Crowd of Office Seekers.

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VIII.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



HAV no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was, I spose I should holler verisfrusly in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellin of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriages to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamius lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 eleeshun for perlitical effeck.

When all was over and my candydade was elected, I should move heving & ert—so to speak—until I got office, which if I didn't git a office I should turn round and aboose the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the business. I'm in a far more respectful bissnis nor what polletics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congressor. The wuss insul I ever received was when sartin citizens of Baldwinville axed me to run for the Legislator. Sez I, "My friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Ole Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parlor, surrounded by a perfect swarm of office seekers. Knowin he had been captivng of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-sails, reef hum the fore-castle & throw yer jibboom over-board. Shiver my timbers, my hearty!" [N. B. This is genuine mariner langwidge. I know, becauz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.]

Old Abe lockt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sez I.

"Office-seeker, to be sure," sez he. "Wall, sir," sez I, "you'n never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm a Ward. Wax fingers is my perffusion. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a friendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sez one of the office seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "ef you fellers repose in that there Buzzum there'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clean up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of office seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parlor. Sum wanted pot orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflooded with office seekers, all clamorus for a immetj interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and adress me as "The Prayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I you want a offiss pretty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundless West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offiss if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "a patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Squire?" sez I, when another crowd of offiss seekers pored in. The house, door yard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when another crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michigan went up on top of the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parlor where Old Abe was endeavoring to keep the hungry pack of office seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fireplace he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunknuff postoffiss till you've read my papers. All the respectfull men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the

chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit month before two fat offiss seekers from Wisconsin, in endeavor to crawl atween his legs for the purpus of applyin for the tollgate-shap at Milwaukie, upst the President elect, and he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilyently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shouted the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

"Sez I, "you egegriss ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keeful how you make my bread basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuvvin my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll give you! Them's the papers you want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtue," sez I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat collar, "virtue, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed bet my gaze. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scarcely a oof for every ile lamp carid round durin this campene. I wish there was. I wish there was furrin islands there to be filled on variis lonely islands where epydemies rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnerd, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death? Go home, you miserable men, go home & fill the sile! Go to peddin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin sope—stuff sangers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'original and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizness—write for the Ledger—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with tuchin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for an honest living, but don't come round here drivin' Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin', but go to onct! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch and brandishin it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go to on my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum agin and no mistake!"

You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Pair. They run orf as tho Satan himself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sez Old Abe, alvancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By porein lie upon the troubled wators, North and South. By pursuin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Seseesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinitt, Mister Ward?" sez Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles. They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinitt as is a Cabinitt fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The nural was figger perffusion mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these veins! A Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt want to pick out a model for a beautiful nite, I scarcely think they'd sculp you! be ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A Linkin, use the talent which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

"e shook me cordly by the hand—we exchanged pleters, so we could gaze upon each other's liniments, when far away from one another—heard the bellum of the ship of State, and I at the bellum of the show bizness—admittance only 15 cts."

SHOW BUSINESS AND LECTURES.

I feel that the Show Bizness, which is a proven to ornament, is being usurped by "Poplar Lecturs," as they air kalled, in my opinion they air poplar humbug. Individuools, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin biznis. They cram themselves with hi-soundin frazzis, frindle up their hare, git trustid for a sack of black close and cum out to lectur at 50 dollars a pop. They aint over staid with branes, but they hav brass emul to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the e-solin sixteen ginerashums. Peple flock to hear um in crowds. The men go becauz its poplar, & the wimin folks go to see the other wimin folks have on.

When its over the lecturer goes & ragale hisself with oysters and sich, while the people say "What a charmin lectur thar was!" etsettery etsettery, when 9 out of 10 of um don't have no moore idee of what the lecturer sed than my kageroo has of the seventh spear of heam. There's moore infurnashun to be got out of a well conducted noose-pape, price 3 cents—than there is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollars a popus the kase may be. These same people, bare in mind, stick up their noses at moral wax fingers & sagashus beests. They say these things is low. Gents, it greives my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Sheer & yellere" (to cote from my Irish friend Mister McBeth) to see that the Show biznis is pretty much plet out; howsoever I shall chance it agin in the Spring.

Pure Grit at Wounded Knee.

The Indians fought desperately until they were annihilated, but their bravery was no more conspicuous than that which was unostentatiously displayed by some of the soldiers. Perhaps the most remarkable case was that of Private Kelly, who was shot near the heart. He knew the mortal nature of his wound, and as he rolled over said to Private Girbach, "I'm gone, sure; roll me around and make a breastwork of me." That was courage.

Private McKinzie of troop B was hit hard in the left shoulder. One of the surgeons saw he was wounded, and sent a litter bearer to bring him in. But McKinzie would not go. He insisted on shooting away at the stubborn foe. "I know I'm getting weak," said he, "but I've got to have a couple of shots yet." He did fire once or twice more, and then he fainted from loss of blood and was taken to the rear.

Sergt. Tittle, of E troop, has what some people call "grit." His first wound was in his left hand, and a minute or two later he got another bad one in the hip. That would have satisfied the average warrior, but the sergeant was not inclined to retire. Just then Sergt. Nettles was killed almost at Tittle's side. Tittle saw the Indian who fired the fatal shot, and although his own left hand was shattered, and blood was pouring steadily from his hip, he said, "I'll get that Indian." He did, and an instant later a hostile bullet penetrated his left breast. "I guess I'll get these wounds dressed now," was his faint remark as he crawled for the rear.—Washington Star.

Wearing Overshoes in Dry Weather.

I have noticed during the dry walking many persons using "rubbers," as if the streets retained the mud and slush. I look upon the aberration of these wearers of rubbers as a result of yielding to the influences of a bad practice. For myself, whenever I have worn rubbers under stress of weather, I have been only too glad to cast them off at the first favorable opportunity; but many persons persist in keeping them on even at places of amusement, where they feel particularly oppressive from the high temperature. This tamely yielding to the arbitrary influence of an uncomfortable article of dress should be a warning against letting habit get the advantage of principle in such matters.

I have heard that in some places in New England, where the winter's cold is ordinarily severe, "arctics" are a feature of indoor gayeties, and that the "Portland Fancy," "All the Way to Boston," and similar dances are executed under the disadvantages of these incumbrances. Such experiences should be heeded by wearers of "rubbers" in dry weather, lest they fall under the control of these oppressive foot coverings, and perhaps be obliged to wear them to bed.—Boston Post.

A Signature That Escapes Criticism.

A document which was filed in the register's office recently bore a signature which would puzzle an expert to decipher. There was a bold start, a wild zigzagging of pen marks up and down, and finally a tangle which might be taken to mean anything that suited the fancy of the reader. Yet nobody felt called upon to criticise the penmanship, for the signature was at the bottom of the trust deed by which Baron Maurice de Hirsch gave \$2,400,000 to ameliorate the condition of Hebrew immigrants to this country from Russia and Roumania. The baron has a fortune which some people say amounts to \$100,000,000. Others put it at \$200,000,000, but the difference is immaterial. When a man gets up above \$50,000,000 nobody will bother about his skill with writing tools. In fact some of the critics in the register's office skilled in such matters gave the baron's signature a little praise. They said it was prettier than Jay Gould's anyhow.—New York Times.

An Interesting Experiment in Surgery.

Will the skin of a black man engrafted upon a white man's body turn white? That is the question Dr. John Ege, of Reading, is solving. He has just grafted eighteen small pieces of cuticle from a Boston negro's arm to the spaces that will not heal on Joel Saul's white leg, which has been sore for two years and which did not readily assimilate all of the thirty pieces of healthy white skin planted thereon Jan. 10. Ten of the white particles did grow, though, some of them from the size of a pin head to two inches in diameter.

If the black skin should grow white on a white body it would give rise to entirely new theories in surgery.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Wears No. 19 Moccasins.

John Moriarty, who has been at work in Samuel Hodgkins' lumber camps at Black Brook, was in the city Monday, and while on the street attracted considerable attention. He stands 6 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet, is 25 years old and wears No. 19 moccasins. His feats of strength are renowned among the lumbermen. He left for Brownville, where he has made a contract to cut wood. Doubtless his swinging of the ax will compare with but few Maine choppers.—Bangor News.

"Calling In" a Newspaper.

There escaped the notice of the Russian censors in Finland the other day a small paragraph in a Swedish illustrated paper which, it appears, was not quite to the liking of the officials. When the objectionable paragraph was noticed an order came from the Russian officials that all numbers were to be "called in," and the police actually went from house to house and demane "that the papers should be given up.—London News.

It Doesn't Pay.

Out of fifty counterfeiters arrested in the last eighteen months only twenty-three of them had passed \$50 worth of the "queer," and only five of them had made a profit of \$1 per day for the time engaged. It doesn't pay as well as sawing wood at sixty cents a cord, and arrest is sure to come within a year or two.—Detroit Free Press.

Sensible Work for Children.

Mrs. Quincy Shaw and some of the members of her admirable staff have set on foot a new arrangement, for which hundreds of boys and girls will bless her. In College place and at the day nursery in Albany street, after the kindergarten children have left, the tables are cleared and the rooms are transformed into reading rooms. From 4 to 6 o'clock little boys and girls may attend together. From 6 to 7 the rooms are closed while the children are at supper, and then from 7 until 9 the children of the neighborhood come in to read. For this purpose a small selection of books has been carefully made, and the intelligent lady in charge furnishes to each boy or girl the book which is to be used that evening.

The teacher in charge begins each evening by a general reading, which is always heard with interest. After fifteen minutes spent in this way, each child takes the seat provided at the table, and in a well lighted, well warmed, comfortable room spends the evening reading something which is profitable. Nothing can be prettier than the sight of a body of children, who would be in great danger of falling into much more careless ways of spending the evening, if so good a provision were not made for them. At Cottage Place the attendance every day is more than one hundred.—Boston Commonwealth.

Mexican Custom Houses.

For the commerce and trade of Mexico there are thirty-eight custom houses in that country, nine of which are on the gulf, one on the Guatemalan frontier, fifteen on the Pacific coast, and thirteen on the frontier of the United States. Matamoras was at one time a large commercial port, but American railroads to the upper border towns have deprived it of the greater bulk of its trade, although the country around is settled up and the soil is exceptionally fertile.

Vera Cruz just about beat Progreso in its maritime business in 1890. From Progreso the principal product exported to the United States is hennequen fiber, a variety of hemp. Of the ports on the Pacific coast Mazatlan is the most important, having a population of 14,000, and being the distributing point for the greater parts of the state of Sinaloa. The Mexican Naval Bureau of the Pacific is located at this point, and also a branch of the Mexican signal service. The custom house returns show a constantly better development, especially on the frontier line between the United States and Mexico.—Mexico Moderno.

Modification of Passport System.

The obnoxious passport system in Alsace-Lorraine seems likely to be modified at last, after two years' vexations. Probably foreigners will be required to notify the authorities of each place of their arrival and stopping place, and obtain a card authorizing their sojourn if they propose any lengthened stay—a plan already adopted in France and Switzerland. When the foreigner removes to another town or village this card must receive a fresh official visa, and after two months' stay in one place the card will be replaced by a regular permit of residence. Foreigners only passing through can make the declaration through the hotel keepers. After a short trial of this system passports may probably disappear altogether.—London Graphic.

Destitution Among Laborers.

It is reported here that the people along the line of the Kentucky Union railway, above Clay City, are almost in a destitute condition. Last summer these people were working on the railroad and failed to cultivate the usual crops; consequently they have no provender to feed their stock. The railroad has run short of funds and their wages have not been paid; consequently they have no money. A gentleman who had recently been in the mountains along the line of the Kentucky Union told us a few days ago that he saw ten yokes of oxen sold under an execution for \$105, the oxen bringing only \$5.25 per head. He says that the stock all through the country is actually starving.—Winchester (Ky.) Sun.

The Newsboy's Last Question.

"Oh, mister, am I dead?" This was the plaintive query of George Monelle, a newsboy, 14 years old, as he ran into a saloon on the northeast corner of Main and Houston streets. With a more definite response than his hearers could give death answered the question in a few minutes. The poor boy was dead. He had just been accidentally shot with a rifle in the hands of another newsboy known as Pat. The ball entered the front of the neck a little to the right of a medial line and ranged downward, lodging in his body.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Bull in Harness.

A peculiar working team seen frequently in the south part of the city consists of a Jersey bull harnessed into the shafts of an ordinary side draught sled, with short yoke tugs and breeching—quite after the style of harnessing a horse, with the exception of the yoke. The bull is driven with a pair of reins fastened to a ring or strap upon his nose. He walks along much faster than the ordinary horse, and draws his load in a cheerful and easy manner.—Keeno (N. H.) Sentinel.

Dr. Albert Shaw, whom Mr. Stead has appointed American editor of The Review of Reviews, is not yet 40, but he has already made an enviable name for himself as a sociologist. He is an authority on the subject of municipal government.

The lecture and literary fields seem to open to Senator Ingalls as the present term of his political life closes. He has received lucrative offers for a book covering his experiences in congress and for a series of lectures on some popular topic.

Meissonier had an abiding hatred for Americans. Though they bought his pictures with a generous hand and paid excessive prices for them his detestation was bitter and outspoken.

AN EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

Like, languorous, with large and lustrous eyes That shine like moons from out her night of hair. That serpentine around her coils—a snare To charm alike the witless and the wise! The luring sounds of dreamy lotings rise, And o'er her head her shapely arms and bare she tosses, while her supple limbs and fair Move slowly to the subtle harmonies. Dark hands glide swifter o'er the taut drawn strings; And now, with look and motion passionate, Like some wind tossed reed, respondente bloom In tranced ecstasy she sways and swings, Until she seems to us the enthralled fate That drew great Antony to his disgrace and doom.—Clinton Scollard in Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE NEW BABY.

One day last week Babe was a-settin' in my lap, and I was tellin' her a story. I had jest got to the thrillin' part of it, when the good little boy, who always minded his ma, had a hull pull of red apples gin to him. And Babe was a-lookin' up into my face with her big, blue gray eyes a-shinin' and her golden yellow hair a-fallin' back from her little eager, happy, upturned face.

When all of a sudden the kitchen door opened and Miss Pixley came in, and before she had been there some time she says to Babe, a-winkin' to me at the same time:

"Your nose is broke now, young lady!" Babe put her little fingers up to her nose and felt of it, and I winked to Miss Pixley to not say no more, for I knew what she meant; I knew she meant that Thomas Jefferson's little new baby would crowd Babe, our Tirzeh Ann's little daughter, out of our hearts.

But Miss Pixley went right on. She is an old maid, and has had five disappointments, and some say seven, and they have embittered her, and says she to Babe:

"Little Snow, the new baby will take your place now in Grandma's heart."

Babe looked troubled, on her smooth little brow I could see fall the first faint shadow of that great black shape that we call jealousy. Her big, sweet eyes looked as if they was cloudin' up nicely for tears.

And I wunk severer and more vigeleant winks than I had wunk before at Miss Pixley to stop! If ever a wunk spoke them did, to stop immediatly!

But she kept right on. Poor creeter, I sposed them disappointments was the cause on't. She kep right on, and ses she:

"You won't be grandma's baby any more now; she has got somebody else to love now."

And then the cloud did break into a rainfall of tears. Babe jest bust out a-cryin', and snuggled down into my arms, and laid her wet cheeks on my bosom through the force of old custom, and, anon! (aow much like older human creatures accordin' to her size) she drew her head away as if sayin':

"I can't lay my head there any more; if the love has gone out of the heart it won't rest me nor comfort me no more to lay there."

And pride woke up in her; she was too proud to make a fuss, or beg for love. How much, how much like big children! So she sot up kinder straight in my lap, with her pretty lips a quiverin', and the tears a-runnin' down her cheeks.

And I riz right up with Babe in my arms and went out of the room pretty quick, but not vigeleant.

Josiah was there. I wouldn't misuse Miss Pixley owin' to the six or seven things mentioned by me prior and before this. But I felt that I must make it right with Babe that very minute.

I knew how she felt—wounded love and pride and jealousy, etc., etc., etc.

I knew that a few syllables of about the hardest lessons of life had come to Babe, and I must help her spell 'em; I must help her with her lesson.

So I took her right into the parlor and set down with her in the big chair, and never said a word for a minute or two, only held her close to me and kissed the shinin' hair that lay up against my cheek.

She a-strugglin' at first; jealousy and pride a-nuggin' her; and she at first a-not bein' able to hear any voices, only jest like older children exactly.

But after awhile, I held her so warm and stiddy, with my cheek a-layin' on the pretty head, the stiddy, firm clasp and contact wot o' calmed her, and then, anon, she drew one little arm up round my neck, and anon the other one, and I looked down deep into her eyes, right into the little true soul, and that little true soul saw the truth in mine.

Words couldn't have convinced Babe so well as that look that she had learnt to depend on.

Love has a language that though maybe it can't be exactly parsed and analyzed, yet it can be understood exactly, entirely understood, and Babe see that I loved her.

And then was the time that that sweet little creeter put up her arms and kissed me, and I says sort o' low like, but very tender:

"Sweetheart, you know jest how much I love you, don't you?"

And then I kissed her several times in various places on her face, every one on 'em sweet places. And then I went on and talked dretful good to Babe about the new baby. I confided in her, told her all about how the little new soul had come, unknown to itself, here into a great, strange world, how helpless it was, how weak, and how we must all help it, and try to make it feel itself at home amongst us.

And I tried to explain it to her—how that as she had come first she owed a courtesy to the new-comer, and that she must be ready and willin' to neighbor with her. I didn't use jest those words, but then was my idee.

I told her how blind the little creeter was, and Babe, if only out of politeness, must try to see for her, lead her straight; over ways she knew nothin' about and keep her from harmin' herself.

How Baby Snow couldn't talk for herself at all now, and Babe must talk for her—good talk that little Snow could learn of her bimby; how she couldn't

walk, and Babe must go ahead o' her and make a good path for her to follow when she got big enough.

I told her jest how hard it was for the little creeter to be put here in the midst of sorrow and troubles and dangers, and how we must all of us be jest as good to her as we could out of pity for the dear little lonesome creeter.

So I roused up Babe's pity for her, and she was all animated about helpin' o' her; and then I told her the baby had come to be a great blessin' and comfort to her if she was only patient and good to her.

And, don't you see, the very fact of Babe havin' to do a kindness to Snow, havin' to do good things for her, was the surest way of makin' her love her, for it is a great fact in our human nature that you can't love 'em that you have injured in any way. And at the same time, if you have ever been good to anybody you always feel softer towards 'em ever afterwards and more mellerer.

Curious, ain't it?

But it is a fact. And I sposed the reason of it is that you have sort o' lowered yourself in your own estimation by doin' a mean, unkind act, and so, in order to satisfy your mental criticism o' yourself, to make it right with your own soul, you lay hold and bring up all the faults you can of that person to justify your own act. And so you keep on that mental naggin' at 'em; that uncomfortable sort of a feelin' towards 'em makes you restless and uneasy, and you feel glad and relieved every time you stand justified to your consciousness by ketchin' 'em in a bad act. Haint it so? Now, honestly, haint it?

Why, I know it is, and so I made sure that Babe should begin right. For if you do a good, helpful thing for a person your hull soul feels comfortable, and you bring up unconscious mental reasonin's why you did it; it was because they were so good, so smart, etc., etc.

And so you keep on a feelin' good and comfortable, and you keep on a provin' up to your own self, till you get fairly in love with 'em. Bless you if you don't!

A very curious thing. But the way I do, when I get holt of a strange fact or truth, I don't expect to explain it full to myself before I act on't.

No, I grasp holt of it and use it for my own then, and afterward wonder at it to my heart's content.

So Babe got to thinkin' she was necessary to little Snow's happiness, and that tickled her little self esteem, jest as if she was a older child, only accordin' to her weight.

She got to thinkin' she must watch over her or she would get hurt, which called out all the good protector's motherly impulses of her little soul which was in her—still accordin' to her weight, forty pounds more or less.

And day by day Babe's love for the little creeter grew till it was fairly beautiful to see 'em together, and so Josiah said, and Thomas J. said so, and Tirzeh Ann and Maggie and Whitfield.

And as for Miss Pixley, I thought to myself, disappointments or not, I have got to give her a talkin' to, and the very next time I see her.

She had gone when Babe and I went out of the parlor—the Babe with happy bright eyes and I with kinder thoughtful, pityin' ones, and all four on 'em kinder wet.

But the next time I see Miss Pixley alone I tackled her, and she as good as promised me she wouldn't ever say to any woman's child what she had said to Babe.

And I don't believe she will either, for she's got good in her.

She haint such a bad creeter after all, and, good land! what can you expect?—seven, right along, one after the other!—Josiah Allen's Wife in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Short Talk on Sheep.

At one of the New York farmers' institutes Mr. J. H. Rutherford, of Andover, in an address on sheep husbandry said:

Sheep must have the best of care. My advice is to buy sheep and to keep them. This we must do if we would restore to our farms their former prosperity. We can do this the best with sheep, and at the least cost. In the following statement I have charged for pasturage at cost, as if you hired pasture, and have given the manure for the little care, including the pleasure: One hundred sheep will cost \$400; you will pay for hay and grain to winter \$100, and for pasturing remainder of year, \$50; cost of shearing and washing, \$8, making \$588. You will raise 125 lambs at \$3.50 per head, \$438; 550 lbs. of wool at 30 cents, \$165; total, \$603.

You have also saved enough to keep the original number more than good. I have given advantage in the statement to the debit side. Ought not any farmer to be satisfied with the returns? Do not hold your wool over—there is no money in that—take the market price; stick to the business; do not ever get discouraged and sacrifice your sheep. No animal reposes more confidence in man than sheep; none affords greater reward.

Must Change the Place.

Miss Twilling—I suppose you remember, Mr. Calloway, that last night, in spite of my fruitless struggles, you had the effrontery, sir, to actually kiss me.

Calloway (weakly)—Yes, I remember the circumstance.

Miss Twilling—Well, if you think you are going to repeat that operation in the hall to-night you are much mistaken. I don't propose to leave this room all the evening.—West Shore.

An Old Question Answered.

"What is the deepest depth of ignorance?" asked the philosopher musingly, and the man of the world made haste to answer, "It is the ignorance displayed by a railway official when there is a wreck on his road."—St. Joseph News.

Costly.

"I envy your husband's jolly way. He is always laughing," said Mrs. Binks.

Announcement.
I wish to announce myself as a candidate for the office of tax collector at the coming election.
I wish to announce to the voters of Dixon township that I am a candidate for election to the office of tax collector at the coming election.
W. M. COFFEY will be a candidate for collector at the coming township election and, asks the support of neighbors.
I hereby place my name to be voted upon for Tax Collector by the voters of Dixon Township at the coming election.
E. B. BAKER.
I hereby place my name before the people of Dixon Township to be voted upon for tax collector at the coming election.
PETER M. RAMSEY.
I hereby announce myself as candidate for collector at the ensuing town election of Dixon, and the support of the legal voters will be solicited. This may be considered my personal call, for by so doing none are slighted.
GEORGE M. DELAND.
Being solicited to do so by my friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of highway commissioner at the coming township election.
GEORGE J. GITT.
To my many friends I would announce that I will be a candidate for the office of tax collector at the coming spring election.
Geo. F. HUGHES.
I hereby announce to my many friends that I will be a candidate for Commissioner of Highway for Dixon Township at the coming spring election.
M. F. HARVEY.

CITY NATIONAL BANK.
JOSEPH CRAWFORD, Pres.
SAMUEL C. EYLES, Cashier.
This bank is fully equipped to take care of its customers. Its safety deposit vaults and boxes should be patronized by everybody who desires absolute security for their valuable papers, jewelry, etc.

FOR SALE
WOOD.—A lot of soft wood, price \$1.75 per cord on the ground at Hazelwood. Apply at the M. K. S. OFFICE.
BICYCLE.—50 inch Columbia Victor. In perfect repair. Will sell cheap for cash or on easy monthly payments.
C. H. STACKPOLE.
OFFICE FURNITURE.—chairs, desks, tables, pigeonholes, cases, bookcases and other office furniture.
DIXON & BETHA.
CHEAP LOTS.—I have for sale some very cheap lots of furniture. Easy terms given on payments.
A. C. WARNER, 2006
OR WILL EXCHANGE for Dixon real estate, in Pasadena, Cal., a beautiful residence lot, 75x200 feet, rich land covered with orange and other fruit trees in full bearing. For further information apply at this office.
1433111

MY MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE on West Third Street at a great bargain. Will be sold for \$5000.00. If not sold soon, it is still a great bargain for the money having every modern improvement and well equipped with the best furniture. If you want the finest equipped residence in the city for the money address owner, G. L. BOSSEMEYER, 53 Elizabeth St., Chicago.
1433111

FOR RENT.
STORE.—A good store opposite Express office for rent. Immediate possession. Enquire at drug store of
D. S. HOITON.
HOUSE.—Five rooms in central location. Inquire at 159 West Second street.
4307
ROOM.—A nicely furnished room in private house, in one of the best locations in town, to one or two ladies. Address A. T. LEWIS, 4216

WANTED
GOOD COOK.—Inquire at the Nachusa House.
GIRL.—To do dining room work. Inquire of Flint & Dille, college.
4311
BOARDS.—By the day or week. Cheap rates and good accommodations at Mrs. RAY'S, No. 73 East Fellows street, North Side.
A WOMEN.—To wash and iron one day in each week and for an extra day's work occasionally. Inquire of
MRS. N. UNDERWOOD, North Dixon.
I have loaned two copies of "Ploughed Under" and one of "Some Difficulties of a Belief" which have not been returned. Will borrowers please leave them at Tillson & Hayden's and oblige Mrs. E. C. SMITH.
4429
A competent girl to do general housework. Inquire of
MRS. D. H. HARRIS, 4311
GIRL.—Competent to do general housework for small family. Apply at 322 West Third street.
W. M. PACKARD, 4041
CARPET WEAVING.—I am prepared to do weaving of carpets, rugs, etc. The best, and on shortest notice. Also carpets and tapestry family medicines for sale. Dr. B. J. LESTER, 12291.
Corner Adams and Sixth Sts

F. E. MORRIS.
DENTIST. All work warranted first-class. Office over G. D. Laing's, 119 Galea St.
JAMES F. SANFORD.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections made money to loan. Agent for leading Fire Insurance Companies. Office in Union Block, Main street, Dixon, Ill.

L. J. POLLOCK.
DENTIST, established in Dixon eleven years. Office in Opera Block, (over post office).
JOHN M. JULIEN, Real Estate Agent.
If you have a House, Lot, or any other Property to sell or exchange, list it with John M. Julien. Quick sales and small profits is my motto. For particulars call at my Real Estate office on Galea street, opposite Post Office.
JOHN M. JULIEN, Dixon, Ill.

CUN AND MACHINE SHOP.
E. R. Kent has opened a new shop on Galea St. one door south of Hagen's harness shops where he is prepared to do all kinds of repairing on short notice.
HAY FURNISHED
I am delivering first class hay or straw on short notice. Orders at E. L. Edwards office or at my house, 521 West Third Street, will receive attention.
D. J. MILLER.

BARCAINS.
Our Chicago lots are still selling, and you can make money by buying of us. Write for maps, terms, etc.
ROCKFORD SECURITY AND INVESTMENT CO.
22 9th
S. F. WYBURN, Mgr.
TELEGRAPHY taught quickly and cheaply. By graduates of telegraph school placed on earth. 100 young men wanted now. Send for circular.
VALENTINE'S SCHOOL, Janesville, Wis.
373 & 5 2nd

HORTICULTURE.
Nineteen years experience; planting and pruning property done; laying out of grounds, etc.
Piney Block.
BOY A BUFFALO
Wyoming lot. It's the coming city of Wyoming. Has waterworks, electric lights, flouring mills. Located in the garden of Wyoming. Produced the prize potato crop of the United States in 1900. For maps and information apply to
MANN & THOMAS, Buffalo, Wyo.

SULLEN STRIKERS.

Likelihood of More Bloodshed in the Coke Regions.

NOT OVERAWED BY THE MILITIA.
Significant Report of a Soldier Who Went Among Them and Took Notes—A Feeling of Contempt for the Guardsmen Abroad—The Leaders Look for a Terrible Outbreak After the Funeral of Those Slain Takes Place.
Mr. PLEASANT, Pa., April 4.—Gen. Wiley yesterday detailed Private Keller, of the Eighteenth regiment, who speaks seven languages, to circulate among the Hungarian and other strikers. Last night when Private Keller returned to headquarters he reported to Gen. Wiley as follows: "There is going to be trouble between all this Monday. The strikers are all indignant because the soldiers have been sent here, but they don't seem to fear them. I was in two houses this afternoon on which they threatened to attack me until I addressed them in their own tongue. In one house I saw five guns and a number of revolvers. In the other I saw three guns and several revolvers. Five out of every ten of these men have served in the armies of the old country, and they know what soldiers are.
"They say that the soldiers who have been brought here are simply working-men like themselves and will not interfere with their movements. In one of their papers of to-day that I picked up was an article saying they need not be afraid of the militiamen, who were novices and did not know any more about warfare than the strikers themselves. They also know about all the members of the Tenth regiment, and I heard them ridiculing them to-day. So far as I have discovered there is going to be trouble and it will come within the next two days. All of the Hungarians are in a dangerous mood over the killing of their fellow-workmen at Morewood, which they claim was entirely unjustifiable."
A feeling of great uneasiness. With the militia hurrying through the streets and restless, nervous strikers crowding about the sidewalks and crossings, Mr. Pleasant was a decidedly lively place yesterday. The presence of the soldiers has, to an extent, driven away the uneasy feeling. Still, there is too much uncertainty for comfort. Another deadly conflict will not surprise any one here. The strikers are in a sullen mood. The evidence before the coroner's jury, given so far by strikers and their friends, and tending, as it does, to show that the firing was hasty, has enraged them, and their suppressed wrath may take fire at any time. Not less than 8,000 miners hung around town all day, and the main street in front of the armory where the two companies are stationed was choked up from morning until night.

Soldier and Strikers Fight.
A collision between two strikers and a soldier occurred near the Baltimore and Ohio station yesterday morning. The guardsman was worsted in the fight, and was taken off by friends. The fight tended to unsettle the general feeling, and was accepted as an alarming indication. At a late hour last night the strikers were holding a meeting, and a feeling of nervousness prevailed among the soldiers.
Instructions to Gen. Wiley.
Gen. Wiley is instructed from Harrisburg to give strict orders to the troops that no firing is to be resorted to unless by order of the officer in command, and said officer shall not give such order until every other means of restoring order has been exhausted. The commanding officer will call upon the strikers to disperse in all cases before firing upon them. But if they refuse he is empowered to order the troops under his command to open fire and keep it up until the mob has fled.
MANAGER LYNCH GIVES BAIL.
Threats Against Capt. Loe—Portentous Talk of Strike Leaders.
General Manager Lynch and Superintendent Ramsey appeared before Squire McCaleb yesterday afternoon and acknowledged service of warrants issued by the strikers' leaders, charging them with being accessories before the fact to the felonious shooting of the strikers. They entered bail in the amount of \$800 each for a hearing next week. Fears are expressed on all sides for the safety of Capt. Loe, of this place, whose men, it is claimed, shot the strikers. Threats are being made on all sides against him, and he is going around with a bodyguard. The captain himself has no fear, but his fellow officers are very anxious that he protect himself.
Thinks Strikers Should Be Armed.
Ex-Secretary Robert Waterhorn and Vice President Penna, of the United Mine workers, returned here yesterday. "The killing of these men," said Penna, "has strengthened our position tenfold. We are determined not to lay down. If the operators are to be armed to protect property, and under that pretext shoot down men on the highways, it is time the men were armed to protect their own lives."
Strike Leaders Look for Trouble.
There will be an immense concourse attend the funerals of the dead men, and at the cemetery the strike leaders will make orations, the character of which may be easily imagined. "The dirge of the bands at the funeral will be the knell of more people than the martyrs," was the remark of one leader.
"I'm afraid there will be hell to-morrow," said Peter Wise; "you do not know how terribly these men feel this thing; they are now beyond control. We repudiate any responsibility for the future action of the strikers."
In Defense of the Slav Element.
A prominent leader of the Slav element said yesterday that a majority of the crowd out Thursday morning was there under protest; that the American, English, and Irish leaders went to the Standard works and forced the Slavs to join them under threats of punishment.

Austria Thinks it a Good Riddance.
LONDON, April 4.—A Vienna dispatch says that very little interest has been aroused there by the reported slaughter in America of a number of Hungarians and Poles. The emigration of that kind is from the lowest dregs of the empire and the Austrian government is the most autocratic in Europe, even the electors being of most substantial and superior class. No official information has been given on the subject, but it was stated on a well-informed authority that there would be an official inquiry into the matter.

Majority One Thousand Too Little.
The result of the election has not been received with satisfaction by the Liberal leaders. Gladstone is said to be surprised as well as disappointed by the strength which Parnell has shown, in face of the united efforts of the English Liberal party, the Irish hierarchy, and the new national federation. Parnell is acknowledged now to be the representative of a formidable minority, which, while not strong enough to have its own way, is too strong to be treated with anything like indifference. A leading member of parliament said last evening that the majority was 1,000 short of being decisive.
Parnell Too Big To Be Ignored.
"Nothing could show," he said, "more strikingly the wonderful influence of Parnell than the fact that, almost single-handed, with most of his able lieutenants absent from the country, and with the terrible weight of the O'Shannon vote upon him, he should be able to poll such a vote against a popular resident of Sligo, with a candidate almost unknown in Sligo, and against other united interests making a combination more powerful to all appearances than any ever before arrayed in an Irish election." The Sligo election has not tended to restore Liberal enthusiasm for home rule, and the general sentiment seems to be to make home rule a secondary issue in English Liberal politics.
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PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 4.—Governor Davis issued a warrant yesterday morning on the requisition of Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, for William Darnell, charged with breaking jail in Windham county, Conn.

A heavy snowstorm Thursday night did considerable damage in Boston and other New England cities. Also in New York where a fall from six inches to two feet is reported.

THE ELECTION IN SLIGO.

Parnell Beaten by 800—British Liberals Not at All Satisfied.

LONDON, April 4.—After a campaign of the greatest excitement and turbulence the election at Sligo came off Thursday with comparatively little trouble. There were a few unimportant "scraps," and fierce exchanges of compliments, but nothing calling for hard work by the police. The Parnellites were defeated, the majority against them being 800. The priests did not stop urging the voters until their ballots were deposited. They made direct and personal appeals to the voters as they stood in line, to vote against Parnell.
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BLAINE BEGUILLED.

A Press Wag's Joke on the State Secretary.

FRENCHMAN HUNG IN THE PARK.
But It Proved To Be Bronze and the Premier Laughed—Further Discussion of the Question of States Rights in Connection with International Obligations—A Related Cablegram Said to Have Caused the Imbroglio—The Latest from Rudini Not Given Out.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Secretary Blaine walked from his house in Lafayette square to the state department, as is his wont. His face was wreathed in smiles. So great was his satisfaction at the latest phase of the Italian situation that he made no effort to conceal his good humor. But he was given a shock by a wag of a newspaper man, who met him in Lafayette square and in tones of well-feigned excitement said to him: "Mr. Blaine, our next row will be with France. Have you heard the news?" "No," was the reply.
"Then look to the corner of the park. A gang of American citizens are hanging a Frenchman within twenty rods of your home."
It Was a Bronze Frenchman.
Mr. Blaine looked, despite his suspicion that a belated April joke was being played on him. Sure enough, at the corner of the square, but a few feet from the secretary's residence and within plain view of the White House, the figure of a Frenchman was seen dangling in the air with a rope around his neck. But it was only the bronze figure of one of the patriots of Lafayette, which the workmen engaged in erecting the Lafayette memorial statue were lifting into place by means of a derrick. Mr. Blaine evidently appreciated the joke, for he laughed good-humoredly and walked on to the state department with the air of a man at ease with himself and all the world. He repeated the joke at the cabinet meeting, and Jerry Rusk, who is fond of jokes, told it to all his callers at the department of agriculture.
That States Rights Question Again.
Authorities on international law are still discussing what is called the weak place in the American system. Many of these men hold that the state department has assumed a ridiculous attitude in attempting to evade the responsibility for the punishment of the New Orleans rioters. These claim that the constitution gives the federal government the power to make treaties and it is natural to assume that it confers upon it the power of conforming to them in disregard of state authority. The constitution is the supreme law of the land and thus higher than the state law.
A Western Statesman's View.
A western congressman, who is one of the best authorities on international law, takes the position that the state department has acted in strict conformity to our constitution. "It is true," says this authority, "that the constitution gives the federal government a right to live up to its treaties, but where is the statute by which these alleged criminals can be punished? It will be necessary for congress to point to the statute for the punishment of the alleged crime. At present we have none such, this power being delegated to the states. Whenever this question of enacting a law for this special case is raised in congress, the old hue and cry will go up about governmental interference with states' rights, and it will be impossible to pass such a piece of legislation."

The Action of the State Final.
Continuing, he said that such a law could not be passed because it would be a post facto law, and, said he, "if this state of Louisiana, in the regular course of law, does not punish these alleged offenders there is no way by which the offense can possibly be condoned by the federal government. Mr. Blaine has grasped the situation exactly. If the state of Louisiana fails to punish, the only remedy that will be left for the Italian government will be to seek an indemnity through the doubtful process of congress, and congress has demonstrated more than once with what apathy it acts in such matters."
A Dispatch That Came Too Late.
A report is current that after Baron Fava had received his instructions to demand his passports, another telegram arrived countermanding the instructions. Minister Porter having made a satisfactory explanation to the Italian government. But Fava had already presented the first cable message, and it was too late. The date of this insipid telegram shows that it was decided upon immediately after the return of Premier Rudini to Rome, and after his interview with Minister Porter. Rudini was absent from Rome two or three days during the pendency of negotiations between Baron Fava and Secretary Blaine, and while Minister Porter was attempting to have Minister Fava's appeals for delay listened to.

Fava Still at the Capital.
Inquiry last night at Baron Fava's residence as to whether the baron would leave for New York by a late train in order to sail for Italy to-day was answered by the statement that he was ill. The servant at the door would take no cards to the baron, and could not or would not say how ill the baron was, or answer any questions about his preparations for departure for New York last night. It can be stated, however, positively that he will not sail for Europe to-day.
The Investigation at Last Begins.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—Attorney General Miller has received a telegram from the United States district attorney at New Orleans saying that he is now engaged in the investigation of the recent killing of Italians in the city jail, in accordance with instructions from Washington, and will prepare and forward his report to the attorney general as promptly as possible.
Blaine Withholds Rudini's Latest.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—It was stated by Secretary Blaine last yesterday that he would positively not make public any communications concerning Italian matters last night. The reply of Marquis Di Rudini to Mr. Blaine's note in answer to Baron Fava's note of recall is in Mr. Blaine's hands, and this is what was referred to in the dispatch printed yesterday.

Detective O'Malley, who is charged with picking the jury in the Macbeth case at New Orleans, has surrendered himself to the authorities. He was admitted to bail in \$5,000.

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A STRANGE START IN LIFE.

Two Homeless Ones Meet Under an Awning and Straightway Get Wedded.

NEW YORK, April 4.—A man and a woman entered the Clynnes Street Police station in Brooklyn at 11 o'clock Thursday night and asked Sergeant John Hamilton if he could accommodate them with a cell. They were wet through and shivered with the cold. Hamilton explained that it was against the rules to leave them together, but that he would shelter them for the night in different cells. Both refused the offer indignantly. The woman declared that the man was her husband and that her conception of what was right and proper was at least as keen as the sergeant's.
Proof of a Lawful Marriage.
In proof of her assertion, she handed him a marriage certificate. It was dated April 2, 1891, and testified that "Lulu Lascell, aged 27, had been united in the bonds of holy matrimony to James Gill, aged 32." It was signed by Rev. K. J. White, pastor of an independent church in Bedford avenue known as White's church, and was witnessed by Ida B. White and Eliza White. There was no gainsaying the genuineness of this, and the couple were escorted to a cell by a squad of curious policemen.
Looked Like Her Dead Husband.
To a reporter Mrs. Gill said that she had arrived in Brooklyn late in the afternoon from Princeton. Her husband died a few days ago and she was penniless. She came to look for a stepfather she had not seen for many years. She did not know his address, but thought that Brooklyn was a small town and she would easily find him. First, wet and footsore she was considering what to do when she saw James Gill. He was so like her dead husband that she summoned courage to address him. She told him she had no money and asked him to direct her to a charitable institution.
Popped and Was Accepted.
He said that it was no night for a woman to be about. They talked together for some time under cover of an awning, and then he asked her to marry him. His extraordinary resemblance to her late husband made her willing to trust him, and she consented. Together they went to the minister's house, and were married in the presence of his wife and daughter. Jim told her after they were married that he had no home, but now that he had a wife to care for he would soon make one.
A Dispensation of Providence.
She did not regret her hasty action, and was sure she never would regret it. Mr. Gill said that he had long wished for a wife, and considered the remarkable way in which he had met Mrs. Lascell as a dispensation of providence in his favor. When the relief squad of police went on at midnight they sent the couple half a dozen blankets and some hot coffee. Neither the groom nor the bride had a cent of money.

THE INDIAN SOLDIER EXPERIMENT.
It Doesn't Appear To Be a Howling Success in the Wild West.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—The news received at the war department of the result of the efforts being made by western army officers to carry out the provisions of the army appropriation bill authorizing the enlistment in the regular army of 2,000 Indian recruits is very discouraging. The officials report that the Indians will not enlist in the infantry under any circumstances, as they abhor walking. They will not enlist in the cavalry except as scouts, because they do not care to bind themselves to five years' service nor be subject to removal to distant parts of the country. Then, too, they want their women with them, and the great majority of the bucks are unfit for military service physically. It is doubtful if a single Indian company can be recruited in the west.
More Hopeful Outlook South.
But the outlook in the south is more hopeful. At Mount Vernon barracks, A. A. Hanna, where the Apache Indians who led the Geronimo campaign are placed, it is said, that all of the Indians, some thirty-five or forty, are about to enlist. These Indians are said to be progressing rapidly in the path of civilization, and the almost incredible fact is reported that the renowned warrior, Geronimo, who was for years the terror of the west, is now a prominent teacher in the local Sunday school, and attends services regularly every Sunday to keep order.

Pardon Asked for Gen. Sigel's Son.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—Mr. William Corvill, of New York, accompanied by Fifth Auditor Haberman and Simon Wolfe, called on President Harrison yesterday and presented a petition for the pardon of Robert Sigel, son of Gen. Franz Sigel, who was sentenced about two years ago to five years in the Kings county (Brooklyn, N. Y.) jail for forging a pension certificate. The petition bears the indorsement of the grand jury that indicted the jury that convicted, and the assistant attorney who conducted the case. The president referred the papers.
Voted to Abolish the Board.
MADISON, Wis., April 4.—The house yesterday, by a vote of 54 to 29, concurred in the senate bill to abolish the state board of charities and reform and the state board of supervision and create a new state board of control. In the senate, on account of the absence of a number of Democrats, Republicans had a majority and refused to indefinitely postpone the bill for an intermediate state prison, which had been so reported by a committee. The legislature adjourned until Wednesday.

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-W. K. T. B-

CITY NATIONAL CLOTHING CO.

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ARTEMUS TO LINCOLN.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS
OF ARTEMUS WARD.

He Pays a Visit to the President Elect
at Springfield, Ill., and Leads Him Up
with Chunks of Homely Wisdom—The
Crowd of Office Seekers.

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VIII.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



HAV no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was, I spose I should holler verisifusly in the streets at night and go home to Betsy Jane smellin of coal oil and gin, in the mornin'. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriages to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamuss lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 eleeshun for perlitical effect.

When all was over and my candydade was elected, I should move heving & erth—so to speak—until I got office, which if I didn't git a office I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the business. I'm in a far more respectul bishnis nor what polletics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congressor. The wuss insin I ever received was when sartin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run for the Legislator. Sez I, "My friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Ole Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parlor, surrounded by a perfect swarm of office seekers. Knowin he had been captivng of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Ole Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-sails, reef hum the fore-castle & throw yer jibpoop over-board. Shiver my timbers, my hearty!" [N. B. This is genuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor playsacted out by them New York theater fellers.] Ole Abe lockt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sez I. "A office-seeker, to be sure," sed he. "Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax fingers is my per-feshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a friendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so—if not, say so, & I'm off like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sed one of the office seekers, his idee bein to git off a goak at my expense.

"Wall, sez I, 'ef you fellers repose in that there Buzzum there'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!' whereupon Ole Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of office seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parlor. Sum wanted post offices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Ole Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjiss crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with office seekers, all clamoruss for a immejit interview with Ole Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Ole Abe and address me as 'The Prayrie Flower of the West!' Thinks I you want a offiss pretty bad. Another man with a gold beded cane and a red nose told Ole Abe he was a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Bound-liss West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-office if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "a patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Squire?" sez I, when another crowd of office seekers pored in. The house, door yard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when another crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top of the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parlor where Ole Abe was endeavoring to keep the hungry pack of office seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fireplace he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make any pintment of my papers. All the respectul men in our town is signers to that there docky-ment!"

"Good God!" cried Ole Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the

chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss seekers from Wisconsin, in endeavorin to crawl atween his legs for the purpose of applyin for the tollgate-ship at Milwaukee, upstod the President elect, and he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me viliently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shouted the infat-uated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and like-wise the skoomaster!"

"Sez I, 'you egrejis ass,' gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, 'I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread basket a depot in the fater. How do you like that air perfumery?' sez I, shuvvin my fist under his nose. 'Them's the kind of papers I'll give you! Them's the papers you want!'

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtue," sed I, holdin' the infat-uated man by the coat collar, "virtue, sir, is its own reward. Look at me! He did lock at me, and qualed bet my gase. 'The fact is,' I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, 'there is scarcely a offiss for every ile lamp car-rid round durin this campane. I wish there was. I wish there was furrin mis-sions to be filled on variis lonely Islands where epydemicks rage incessantly, and if I was in Ole Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?' I continnerd, warmin up considerable, 'can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worsted most to death? Go home, you miserible men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddin tinware—go to chop-pin wood—go to bilin sope—stuff sash-sengs—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ring-ers—becum 'original and only' Camp-bell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizness—write for the Ledger—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with tuchin appeals to a charitable pub-lic, printed on your handbills—anything for an honest living, but don't come round here drivin' Ole Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin', but go to onct! Ef in five minits from this time, I pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch and brandishin it before their eyes, 'Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits among you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!'

You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run off as tho Saturn himself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Ole Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By porein ile upon the troubled wators, North and South. By pursuin a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em secesh!"

"How bout my Cabinet, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Show-men is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles. They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Show-men, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability look at their post-ers, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinet as is a Cabinet fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The nral wax finger per-feshun mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these veins! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcott want to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely think they'd sculp you; bec ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as an of us! A. Linkin, use the talent which Nature has put into you judishus-ly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

I shook me cordially by the hand—we exchanged psters, so we could gaze upon each other's iniments, when far away from one another—heat the hellum of the ship of State, and at the hellum of the show bizness—admittance only 15 cts.

SHOW BUSINESS AND LECTURES.

I feel that the Show Bizness, which is grov'n to ornymint, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as they air called, in my pinion they air poplar hum-bur. Individualls, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin biznis. They cram themselves with hi-soundin frazis, frazzle up their hars, git trustid for a sack of black close and cum out to lectur at 50 dollars a pop. They aint over-stuffed with branes, but they hav brass enough to make suffishunt kitties to bile all the sope that will be required by the e-shin sixteen gimerashuns. Pople flock to hear um in crowds. The men go bec-cause its poplar, & the wimin folks go to see that other wimin folks have on.

When its over the lecturer goes & ra-gades himself with oysters and sich, while the people say "What a charmin lectur thar was," etsettery etsettery, when 9 o'cl of 10 of um don't have no more idee of what the lecturer sed than my kageroo has of the seventh spear of he-um. There's moore infurmashun to be got out of a well conducted noo-pa-per, price 3 cents—than there is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollars a popus the kase may be. These same people, bare in mind, stick up their nois at moral wax fingers & sagashuns beests. They say these things is low. Gents, it greives my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Sheer & yellor leaf" (to cote frum my Irish friend Mister McBeth) to see that the Show biznis is pretty much put out; howsoever I shall chance it agin in the Spring.

Pure Grit at Wounded Knee.

The Indians fought desperately until they were annihilated, but their bravery was no more conspicuous than that which was unostentatiously displayed by some of the soldiers. Perhaps the most remarkable case was that of Private Kelly, who was shot near the heart. He knew the mortal nature of his wound, and as he rolled over said to Private Girbach, "I'm gone, sure; roll me around and make a breakfast of me." That was courage.

Private McKinzie of troop B was hit hard in the left shoulder. One of the surgeons saw he was wounded, and sent a litter bearer to bring him in. But McKinzie would not go. He insisted on shooting away at the stubborn foe. "I know I'm getting weak," said he, "but I've got to have a couple of shots yet." He did fire once or twice more, and then he fainted from loss of blood and was taken to the rear.

Sergt. Tittle, of E troop, has what some people call "grit." His first wound was in his left hand, and a minute or two later he got another bad one in the hip. That would have satisfied the average warrior, but the sergeant was not inclined to retire. Just then Sergt. Nettles was killed almost at Tittle's side. Tittle saw the Indian who fired the fatal shot, and although his own left hand was shattered, and blood was pouring steadily from his hip, he said, "I'll get that Indian." He did, and an instant later a hostile bullet penetrated his left breast. "I guess I'll get these wounds dressed now," was his faint remark as he crawled for the rear.—Washington Star.

Wearing Overshoes in Dry Weather.

I have noticed during the dry walking many persons using "rubbers," as if the streets retained the mud and slush. I look upon the aberration of these wearers of rubbers as a result of yielding to the influences of a bad practice. For myself, whenever I have worn rubbers under stress of weather, I have been only too glad to cast them off at the first favorable opportunity; but many persons persist in keeping them on even at places of amusement, where they feel particularly oppressive from the high temperature. This tamely yielding to the arbitrary influence of an uncomfortable article of dress should be a warning against letting habit get the advantage of principle in such matters.

I have heard that in some places in New England, where the winter's cold is ordinarily severe, "arctics" are a feature of indoor gayeties, and that the "Portland Fancy," "All the Way to Boston," and similar dances are executed under the disadvantages of these incumbrances. Such experiences should be heeded by wearers of "rubbers" in dry weather, lest they fall under the control of these oppressive foot coverings, and perhaps be obliged to wear them to bed.—Boston Post.

A Signature That Escapes Criticism.

A document which was filed in the register's office recently bore a signature which would puzzle an expert to decipher. There was a bold start, a wild zigzagging of pen marks up and down, and finally a tangle which might be taken to mean anything that suited the fancy of the reader. Yet nobody felt called upon to criticise the penmanship, for the signature was at the bottom of the trust deed by which Baron Maurice de Hirsch gave \$2,400,000 to ameliorate the condition of Hebrew immigrants to this country from Russia and Roumania. The baron has a fortune which some people say amounts to \$100,000,000. Others put it at \$200,000,000, but the difference is immaterial. When a man gets up above \$50,000,000 nobody will bother about his skill with writing tools. In fact some of the critics in the register's office skilled in such matters gave the baron's signature a little praise. They said it was prettier than Jay Gould's anyhow.—New York Times.

An Interesting Experiment in Surgery.

Will the skin of a black man engrafted upon a white man's body turn white? That is the question Dr. John Ege, of Reading, is solving. He has just grafted eighteen small pieces of cuticle from a Boston negro's arm to the spaces that will not heal on Joel Saul's white leg, which has been sore for two years and which did not readily assimilate all of the thirty pieces of healthy white skin planted thereon Jan. 10. Ten of the white particles did grow, though, some of them from the size of a pin head to two inches in diameter.

If the black skin should grow white on a white body it would give rise to entirely new theories in surgery.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Wears No. 19 Moccasins.

John Moriarty, who has been at work in Samuel Hodgkins' lumber camps at Black Brook, was in the city Monday, and while on the street attracted considerable attention. He stands 6 feet 9½ inches in his stocking feet, is 25 years old and wears No. 19 moccasins. His feats of strength are renowned among the lumbermen. He left for Brownville, where he has made a contract to cut wood. Doubtless his swinging of the ax will compare with but few Maine choppers.—Bangor News.

"Calling In" a Newspaper.

There escaped the notice of the Russian censors in Finland the other day a small paragraph in a Swedish illustrated paper which, it appears, was not quite to the liking of the officials. When the objectionable paragraph was noticed an order came from the Russian officials that all numbers were to be "called in," and the police actually went from house to house and demand that the papers should be given up.—London News.

It Doesn't Pay.

Out of fifty counterfeiters arrested in the last eighteen months only twenty-three of them had passed \$50 worth of the "queer," and only five of them had made a profit of \$3 per day for the time engaged. It doesn't pay as well as sawing wood at sixty cents a cord, and arrest is sure to come within a year or two.—Detroit Free Press.

Sensible Work for Children.

Mrs. Quincy Shaw and some of the members of her admirable staff have set on foot a new arrangement, for which hundreds of boys and girls will bless her. In College place and at the day nursery in Albany street, after the kindergarten children have left, the tables are cleared and the rooms are transformed into reading rooms. From 4 to 6 o'clock little boys and girls may attend together. From 6 to 7 the rooms are closed while the children are at supper, and then from 7 until 9 the children of the neighborhood come in to read. For this purpose a small selection of books has been carefully made, and the intelligent lady in charge furnishes to each boy or girl the book which is to be used that evening.

The teacher in charge begins each evening by a general reading, which is always heard with interest. After fifteen minutes spent in this way, each child takes the seat provided at the table, and in a well lighted, well warmed, comfortable room spends the evening in reading something which is profitable. Nothing can be prettier than the sight of a body of children, who would be in great danger of falling into much more careless ways of spending the evening, if so good a provision were not made for them. At Cottage Place the attendance every day is more than one hundred.—Boston Commonwealth.

Mexican Custom Houses.

For the commerce and trade of Mexico there are thirty-eight custom houses in that country, nine of which are on the gulf, one on the Guatemala frontier, fifteen on the Pacific coast, and thirteen on the frontier of the United States. Matamoros was at one time a large commercial port, but American railroads to the upper border towns have deprived it of the greater bulk of its trade, although the country around is settled up and the soil is exceptionally fertile.

Vera Cruz just about beat Progreso in its maritime business in 1890. From Progreso the principal product exported to the United States is henequen fiber, a variety of hemp. Of the ports on the Pacific coast Mazatlan is the most important, having a population of 14,000, and being the distributing point for the greater parts of the state of Sinaloa. The Mexican Naval Bureau of the Pacific is located at this point, and also a branch of the Mexican signal service. The custom house returns show a constantly better development, especially on the frontier line between the United States and Mexico.—Mexico Moderno.

Modification of Passport System.

The obnoxious passport system in Alsace-Lorraine seems likely to be modified at last, after two years' vexations. Probably foreigners will be required to notify the authorities of each place of their arrival and stopping place, and obtain a card authorizing their sojourn if they propose any lengthened stay—a plan already adopted in France and Switzerland. When the foreigner removes to another town or village this card must receive a fresh official visa, and after two months' stay in one place the card will be replaced by a regular permit of residence. Foreigners only passing through can make the declaration through the hotel keepers. After a short trial of this system passports may probably disappear altogether.—London Graphic.

Destitution Among Laborers.

It is reported here that the people along the line of the Kentucky Union railway, above Clay City, are almost in a destitute condition. Last summer these people were working on the rail-road and failed to cultivate the usual crops; consequently they have no provender to feed their stock. The railroad has run short of funds and their wages have not been paid; consequently they have no money. A gentleman who had recently been in the mountains along the line of the Kentucky Union told us a few days ago that he saw ten yokes of oxen sold under an execution for \$105, the oxen bringing only \$5.25 per head. He says that the stock all through the country is actually starving.—Winchester (Ky.) Sun.

The Newsboy's Last Question.

"Oh, mister, am I dead?" This was the plaintive query of George Monelle, a newsboy, 14 years old, as he ran into a saloon on the northeast corner of Main and Houston streets. With a more definite response than his hearers could give death answered the question in a few minutes. The poor boy was dead. He had just been accidentally shot with a target rifle in the hands of another newsboy known as Pat. The ball entered the front of the neck a little to the right of a medial line and ranged downward, lodging in his body.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Bull in Harness.

A peculiar working team seen frequently in the south part of the city consists of a Jersey bull harnessed into the shafts of an ordinary side draught sled, with short yoke tugs and breeching—quite after the style of harnessing a horse, with the exception of the yoke. The bull is driven with a pair of reins fastened to a ring or strap upon his nose. He walks along much faster than the ordinary horse, and draws his load in a cheerful and easy manner.—Keene (N. H.) Sentinel.

Dr. Albert Shaw, whom Mr. Stead has appointed American editor of The Review of Reviews, is not yet 40, but he has already made an enviable name for himself as a sociologist. He is an authority on the subject of municipal government.

The lecture and literary fields seem to open to Senator Ingalls as the present terms of his political life closes. He has received lucrative offers for a book covering his experiences in congress and for a series of lectures on some popular topic.

Meissonier had an abiding hatred for Americans. Though they bought his pictures with a generous hand and paid excessive prices for them his detestation was bitter and outspoken.

AN EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

Idle, languorous, with large and lustrous eyes That shine like moons from out her night of hair. That serpent-like around her coils—a snare To charm alike the witless and the wise! The luring sounds of dreamy lutes rise, And o'er her head her shapely arms and bare legs toss, while her supple limbs and fair face slowly to the subtle harmonies. Dark hands glide swifter o'er the taut drawn strings; And now, with look and motion passionate, Like some wind tossed resplendent eastern bloom. In trance ecstasy she sways and swings, Until she seems to us the enraptured fate That drew great Antony to his disgrace and doom. —Clinton Scollard in Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE NEW BABY.

One day last week Babe was a-setten' in my lap, and I was tellin' her a story. I had jest got to the thrillin' part of it, when the good little boy, who always minded his ma, had a hull pail of red apples gin to him. And Babe was a-lookin' up into my face with her big, blue gray eyes a-shinin' and her golden yellow hair a-fallin' back from her little eager, happy, upturned face.

When all of a sudden the kitchen door opened and Miss Pixley came in, and before she had been there some time she says to Babe, a-winkin' to me at the same time:

"Your nose is broke now, young lady!"

Babe put her little fingers up to her nose and felt of it, and I winked to Miss Pixley to not say no more, for I knew what she meant; I knew she meant that Thomas Jefferson's little new baby would crowd Babe, our Tirzah Ann's little daughter, out of our hearts.

But Miss Pixley went right on. She is an old maid, and has had five disappointments, and some say seven, and they have embittered her, and says she to Babe:

"Little Snow, the new baby will take your place now in Grandma's heart."

Babe looked troubled; on her smooth little brow I could see fall the first faint shadow of that great black shape that we call jealousy. Her big, sweet eyes looked as if they was cloudin' up nicely for tears.

And I wink severer and more vigilant winks than I had wink before at Miss Pixley to stop! If ever a wink spoke them did, to stop immediately!

But she kept right on. Poor creeter, I spose them disappointments was the cause on't. She kep right on, and ses she:

"You won't be grandma's baby any more now; she has got somebody else to love now."

And then the cloud did break into a rainfall of tears. Babe jest bust out a-cryin', and snuggled down into my arms, and laid her wet cheeks on my bosom through the force of old custom, and, anon! (how much like older human creatures accordin' to her size) she drew her head away as if sayin':

"I can't lay my head there any more; if the love has gone out of the heart it won't rest me nor comfort me no more to lay there."

And pride woke up in her; she was too proud to make a fuss, or beg for love. How much, how much like big children! So she sot up kinder straight in my lap, with her pretty lips a quiverin', and the tears a-runnin' down her cheeks.

And I riz right up with Babe in my arms and went out of the room pretty quick, but not vigilant.

Josiah was there. I wouldn't misuse Miss Pixley owin' to the six or seven things mentioned by me prior and before this. But I felt that I must make it right with Babe that very minute.

I knew how she felt—wounded love and pride and jealousy, etc., etc., etc. I knew that a few syllables of about the hardest lessons of life had come to Babe, and I must help her spell 'em; I must help her with her lesson.

So I took her right into the parlor and set down with her in the big chair, and never said a word for a minute or two, only held her close to me and kissed the shinin' hair that lay up against my cheek.

She a-strugglin' at first; jealousy and pride a-nuggin' her; and she at first a-not bein' able to hear any voices, only jest them of jealousy and pride—jest like older children exactly.

But after awhile, I held her so warm and stiddy, with my cheek a-layin' on the pretty head, the stiddy, firm clasp and contact sort o' calmed her, and then, anon, she drew one little arm up round my neck, and anon the other one, and I looked down deep into her eyes, right into the little true soul, and that little true soul saw the truth in mine.

Words couldn't have convinced Babe so well as that look that she had learnt to depend on.

Love has a language that though maybe it can't be exactly parsed and analyzed, yet it can be understood exactly, entirely understood, and Babe see that I loved her.

And then was the time that that sweet little creeter put up her arms and kissed me, and I says sort o' low like, but very tender:

"Sweetheart, you know jest how much I love you, don't you?"

And then I kissed her several times in various places on her face, every one on 'em sweet places. And then I went on and talked dretful good to Babe about the new baby. I confided in her, told her all about how the little new soul had come, unknown to itself, here into a great, strange world, how helpless it waz, how weak, and how we must all help it, and try to make it feel itself at home amongst us.

And I tried to explain it to her—how that as she had come first she owed a courtesy to the newcomer, and that she must be ready and willin' to neighbor with her. I didn't use jest those words, but them was my ideas.

I told her how blind the little creeter was, and Babe, if only out of politeness, must try to see for her, lead her straight; over ways she knew nothin' about and keep her from harmin' herself.

How Baby Snow couldn't talk for her-self at all now, and Babe must talk for her—good talk that little Snow could learn of her bimby; how she couldn't

walk, and Babe must go ahead o' her and make a good path for her to follow when she got big enough.

I told her jest how hard it was for the little creeter to be put here in the midst of sorrow and troubles and dangers, and how we must all of us be jest as good to her as we could out of pity for the dear little lonesome creeter.

So I roused up Babe's pity for her, and she was all animated about helpin' of her; and then I told her the baby had come to be a great blessin' and comfort to her if she was only patient and good to her.

And, don't you see, the very fact of Babe havin' to do a kindness to Snow, havin' to do good things for her, was the surest way of makin' her love her, for it is a great fact in our human nature that you can't love 'em that you have injured in any way. And at the same time, if you have ever been good to anybody you always feel softer towards 'em ever afterwards and more mellerer.

Curious, ain't it?

But it is a fact. And I spose the reason of it is that you have sort o' lowered yourself in your own estimation by doin' a mean, unkind act, and so, in order to satisfy your mental criticism o' yourself, to make it right with your own soul, you lay hold and bring up all the faults you can of that person to justify your own act. And so you keep on that mental naggin' at 'em; that uncomfortable sort of a feelin' towards 'em makes you restless and uneasy, and you feel glad and relieved every time you stand justified to your consciousness by ketchin' 'em in a bad act. Haint it so? Now, honestly, haint it?

Why, I know it is, and so I made sure that Babe should begin right.

For if you do a good, helpful thing for a person your hull soul feels comfortable, and you bring up unconscious mental reasonin's why you did it; it was because they were so good, so smart, etc., etc.

And so you keep on a feelin' good and comfortable, and you keep on a provin' up to your own self, till you get fairly in love with 'em. Bless you if you don't!

A very curious thing. But the way I do, when I get holt of a strange fact or truth, I don't expect to explain it full to myself before I act on't.

No, I grasp holt of it and use it for my own then, and afterward wonder at it to my heart's content.

So Babe got to thinkin' she was necessary to little Snow's happiness, and that tickled her little self esteem, jest as if she was a older child, only accordin' to her weight.

She got to thinkin' she must watch over her or she would get hurt, which called out all the good protector's motherly impulses of her little soul which was in her—still accordin' to her weight, forty pounds more or less.

And day by day Babe's love for the little creeter grew till it was fairly beautiful to see 'em together, and so Josiah said, and Thomas J. said so, and Tirzah Ann and Maggie and Whitfield.

And as for Miss Pixley, I thought to myself, disappointments or not, I have got to give her a talkin' to, and the very next time I see her.

She had gone when Babe and I went out of the parlor—the Babe with happy bright eyes and I with kinder thoughtful, pityin' ones, and all four on 'em kinder wet.

But the next time I see Miss Pixley alone I tackled her, and she as good as promised me she wouldn't ever say to any woman's child what she had said to Babe.

And I don't believe she will either, for she's got good in her.

She haint such a bad creeter after all, and good land! what can you expect?—seven, right along, one after the other!—Josiah Allen's Wife in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Short Talk on Sheep.

At one of the New York farmers' institutes Mr. J. H. Rutherford, of Angelica, in an address on sheep husbandry said:

Sheep must have the best of care. My advice is to buy sheep and to keep them. This we must do if we would restore to our farms their former prosperity. We can do this the best with sheep, and at the least cost. In the following statement I have charged for pasturage at cost, as if you hired pasture, and have given the manure for the little care, including the pleasure. One hundred sheep will cost \$400; you will pay for hay and grain to winter \$100, and for pasturing remainder of year, \$30; cost of shearing and washing, \$3, making \$538. You will raise 125 lambs at \$3.50 per head, \$438; 550 lbs. of wool at 30 cents, \$165; total, \$903.

You have also saved enough to keep the original number more than good. I have given advantage in the statement to the debit side. Ought not any farmer to be satisfied with the returns? Do not hold your wool over—there is no money in that—take the market price; stick to the business; do not ever get discouraged and sacrifice your sheep. No animal reposes more confidence in man than sheep; none affords greater reward.

Must Change the Place.

Miss Twilling—I suppose you remember, Mr. Calloway, that last night, in spite of my fruitless struggles, you had the effrontery, sir, to actually kiss me. Calloway (weakly)—Yes, I remember the circumstance.

Miss Twilling—Well, if you think you are going to repeat that operation in the hall to-night you are much mistaken. I don't propose to leave this room all the evening.—West Shore.

An Old Question Answered.

"What is the deepest depth of ignorance?" asked the philosopher musingly, and the man of the world made haste to answer, "It is the ignorance displayed by a railway official when there is a wreck on his road."—St. Joseph News.

Costly.

"I envy your husband's jolly way. He is always laughing," said Mrs. Binks.

"Well, it has its drawbacks," returned the other. "John laughs so much I can't keep buttons on his vests."—Harper's Bazar.

Ten Minutes to Twelve.

By M. G. MCLELLAND.

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CHAPTER V.

The arrangements had been made with care and forethought—the sick man, from his bed in the New York hospital, having been “explicit and masterful,” as the bride had laughingly declared. And the good, kind people with whom Phyllis had made her home had aided him to the best of their ability, meeting his wishes half way, and grudging no trouble to which they might be put in furthering them. Royal found, to his unspeakable comfort, that they were to be accompanied as far as Alexandria by a relative of the young lady who had been down in the mountains of Virginia on a visit and had remained over for the wedding. She was introduced to Royal as his “cousin Mrs. Hart,” and his liking went out to her at once. There was a largeness in her atmosphere, a sympathy in her fine, intelligent face and frank, cordial manner, to which his nature instantly responded, and he felt that her going with them would be like a crack of daylight along a dark horizon. Perhaps the tide would turn at last and run for a while in poor John Royal’s favor. For himself the arrangement would, at all events, bring divided responsibility.

That Mrs. Hart was a widow he surmised from her mourning gown and a certain unattached air about her. Her prepossession seemed fully justified by the treatment accorded her on every hand; for young and old clustered around her and persistently ignored the dignity of her conjugal appellation. She seemed to be “Nina” to everybody.

“It will be a comfort being with Nina until you can get a suitable maid for Phyllis,” Mrs. Brandon remarked in a motherly way. “The dear child needs a good deal of attention, you know, and some help in dressing. She would never consent to have her pretty hair cut, because she heard you say once that short haired women were your abomination. You wrote about her mammy, but that wouldn’t do at all. The old woman is hopelessly rheumatic, and would be miserable if taken away from home. You must have forgotten how old she is, Nina thinks it would be better to get Dr. Tassewell, the oculist, to recommend a woman—somebody you could rely on.”



Royal crossed the room and folded back the sheet from the dead man’s face.

“She is under treatment,” Royal put his very in the form of an assertion.

“The very strictest. And she is so good and patient, so anxious for a cure for your sake as well as for her own. She would not wear anything over her eyes in church this morning. I couldn’t blame her, although I scolded her for her vanity, and made her promise to keep the lids closed, and doubled the lace so that one could scarcely distinguish her features. A girl naturally wants to look well on her wedding day—particularly when her lover sees her for the first time in six years. We wrapped her up well, both going and returning, so I don’t think she can have taken harm.”

The square, an energetic and impatient old gentleman, speeded the parting in a manner which Royal felt he could never sufficiently applaud. He had fresh horses put to the carriage as it stood before the door, and bustled about and hurried the women with their preparations, laughing and joking with the utmost joviality. This was not far from all, he cheerfully declared, only that French thing the pronunciation of which he could never remember, and which meant just nothing worth mentioning. The schedule did not admit of extra kissing on the down grade, and the party would certainly be left unless a limit was put to embraces. For as recommendation to take care of Phyllis and himself, he would scorn to name the thing to a man who could defeat death and the doctors, and come hundreds of miles to be married two months after he had been reported broken all to pieces.

So the journey commenced amid merriment and kindness, and overwrought as he was, even Royal lost sight for a moment or two of the grim fact that through him darkness and death had joined hands.

When he had his charges safe in the car and felt the train in motion he drew a long breath; he was another step nearer the end, at all events. The strain on him was beginning to tell.

Phyllis was in the gayest spirits, and laughed and chatted merrily. Her face was closely covered, the heavy veil doubled across her eyes, for which Royal knew there must be reason, but forebore to inquire into it just yet. He had gathered that the young lady’s case was far from hopeless, and the knowledge that it was so brought more relief and thankfulness than his position toward her would seem to warrant. He could realize the intense importance which immediate possession of the money must have had for John Royal—importance so great that he had been willing to risk his life to secure it. It might mean sight to the eyes as well as food and raiment for the body of the woman he loved. It made the conditions of the will more difficult of comprehension than ever, but he forebore to trouble his mind

with that question. Other matters were more pressing than could be the solution of an apparently impracticable woman’s vagaries.

They would make better time on the down trip, the conductor informed him; the grade would help instead of hindering them.

Royal, cognizant of the inevitable pain to which each revolution of the wheels brought them more near, set himself to prepare the minds of the women, in a measure, as best he could. The girl’s cheerfulness smote on him with a sense of discord, as though one should encounter mirth at a deathbed. And yet to sadden her seemed to him just then the hardest task he had ever been compelled to put his hand to. His pity pulled him both ways—he could not let the calamity fall on her like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, and still, even to turn her mind in the direction of the coming disaster, to his overwrought nerves appeared like drawing a child into the already wavering shadow of a rock which would presently fall and crush it. It took all the courage of which he was master to follow the lines laid down for himself.

He was as adroit as it is in the nature of a straight-forward man to be, and there had been nothing to arouse the suspicion of his companions or make them doubt his sincerity. To them he was the master of the situation, the grand male creature who had just proved possession of manhood and puissance to an unprecedented degree. They hearkened to him graciously, and treated him with the subtle suggestion of trust and dependence which is spontaneous with all womanly women. After a little the talk, inseparably guided by Royal, drifted to serious things, and he told them, of a strange and pitiful happening, of his meeting on the train the day before with a poor young fellow, ill unto death and in sore trouble. He told how he (Royal) had noticed him fainting in his seat, and, being a physician, had gone to him to do what he could, and then had discovered that the sick stranger had a claim on his care, being a brother Mason.

He spoke of the interest which this discovery had aroused, and of how it had deepened in view of the other’s courage and patience, and of how he had been obliged to leave him at last in the strange hotel, without friend or kinsman near, fighting his battle with the grim destroyer alone. He made a little story of it, and gave it to them as simply as he could, hoping to arouse their interest and sympathy. And they asked questions in hushed voices, and were sorry in a sweet impersonal way, as women will be over tales of sorrow.

“Did you find out his name?” Mrs. Hart inquired.

Royal replied in the affirmative. That was the reason he had troubled them with the story, he explained, thinking they might help him, perhaps, since they must spend the night in the very hotel where the sick man lay. The name was the same as theirs—Royal. He might be a kinsman. Who should say?

“Might,” repeated Mrs. Hart, her interest all aflame. “Why, of course he is a kinsman; he must be. All the Royals are related, and Virginia is full of them. How very strange, your meeting him that way! I wonder to which branch of the family he can possibly belong.”

Phyllis also manifested interest and concern about this “stranger cousin,” as she dubbed him. But her mind appeared to dwell most on Royal’s own share in the business, and she whispered sweet words of commendation in a low voice which thrilled through Royal, who had not sought to produce this effect, and made him more bitterly conscious than ever what a tangle the matter had become.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hart appeared to be mustering all the Royals, dead and alive, who had inhabited the commonwealth in the past or were inhabiting it in the present, in her efforts to satisfactorily place this new Royal.

“You don’t know his Christian name, I suppose?” she observed, and then saved him from a dilemma by answering herself. “No, of course you wouldn’t think to inquire at a time like that, and in such a hurry as you must have been, too. Still, I wish I knew it. A Christian name nearly always locates the branch. It’s apt to give an intermarriage.”

After a moment of reflection, during which she fastened this scion to every Virginia root of the Royal tree and plucked it away again, she continued meditatively:

“There was a Royal who went west when I was a child. His name was Philip, which is a family name in both genders. He married Pauline Hart, a first cousin of my husband’s, and a sister of that very John Hart to whom Anne Royal was engaged. I wonder if this young man could be Phil Royal’s son! You must find out, John, because if he should be he is doubly related to you two, and also a close connection of my own. How strange and romantic it would be! Just think of it, Phyllis! The nephew of your aunt’s old lover, and for John to have met—nay, more, to have befriended—him on his way to be married to you on the fiftieth anniversary of that which was to have been Anne’s own wedding day to John Hart! I never in my life heard anything like it!”

Nor had Royal. He had wondered why such stress had been put on the 25th of December. He understood it now for a woman’s sentiment about the day which was to have crowned her own love story with fruition. As much trouble as this sentiment had already caused him, and was likely to cause him in the future, he had no impulse to mock at it. He was too real a man to be devoid of reverence for romance.

When they plied him still with questions he said that he did not believe that the sick man came from the west; he was convinced that he must be a native born Virginian. A whimsical thought would obtrude itself relative to the greatness of their bewilderment when they should be confronted with the necessity for transposing his identity with that of the other John Royal. He himself was the son of Philip Royal and Pauline Hart.

When they reached their destination Royal hurried them to the hotel, secured

rooms and established them comfortably. Then he left them to see after his patient, he said, and to attend to other matters. Mrs. Hart followed him into the corridor to say that if there should be any service for the sick man which she could perform, he must not fail to let her know, and both ladies bade him send them news of the poor fellow’s condition.

Royal walked down the corridor with a step quickened by anxiety. He had hurried the ladies in, not daring to make inquiries in the office nor to interrogate the servant. The hotel people were aware that he had gone for the sick man’s friends. He had himself informed the proprietor of his intention, explaining the impossibility of immediate communication with them by telegraph. The ladies under his charge would be received as pertaining to John Royal.

At the door of the sick room he paused to compose his countenance, and to shake off, if possible, the weariness which oppressed him. Then he opened it and entered.

The shutters had been closed and there was no fire in the grate. The outside air entered freely, but it could not dispel the strange odors in the room; about the place there was a look of neatness that was unmistakable; every chair was in place, and the white covering of the bed hung straight and smooth over the sharp outlines of that which lay beneath.

Royal crossed the room and folded back the sheet from the dead man’s face. It was very peaceful, with all the lines of care and pain smoothed out, and that strange reflection of a light that never was on land or sea touching and brightening the still features into a look of youth, a look of hope. Royal replaced the covering with a pain at his heart which his brief acquaintance with the dead man would hardly justify. It was as though a part of his own life had been suddenly swept into the infinite. That silent form would be a barrier forever separating his future from his past. He touched the bell.

It was answered almost immediately by a colored man, one of the hotel waiters, whom he in the urgency of the case had installed as nurse that very morning. How long ago it seemed looking backward through the full hours—the hours so few in number, so plethoric with events, so pregnant with change which would affect his whole life! It almost seemed as though an ordinary lifetime must have intervened since he had given his hurried directions to the man now standing before him. He pointed toward the bed.

“When did it happen?” he inquired.

The man, a civil and intelligent fellow, stepped to the bureau and brought the dead man’s watch. “‘Twas mighty easy an’ peaceful at de las’, sar,” he said, as he handed it. “He suffered mighty arter you lef’, an’ ‘t’other doctor he look like he couldn’t give him no res’. ‘Twa’n’t in his limbs, sar—all feelin’ had gone out’n dem; ‘twas in his body an’ back. Den de inside hemo’ages come on an’ he sunk rapid, an’ at las’ jins’ drapp’d off like a chile gwine to sleep. De doctor had got ‘fared an’ gone for ‘t’other doctor or somebody, so ‘twa’n’t nobody wid him ‘ceptin’ me an’ Lucy, de ‘oman what waits on dis passage. I lowed you must be ‘yoself, an’ my mem’y ain’t good like it used to be, so I jins’ stopped his watch arter breath had lef’ him good.”

Royal opened the watch in his hand. It had been stopped at ten minutes to 12.

He replaced it on the bureau, and signed to the negro to leave the room. Then he sat himself down beside the dead man and tried to think.

CHAPTER VI.



Mrs. Hart’s tears fell fast from very pity.

But thought in his then physical condition was an impossibility. The more he endeavored to muster ideas into line, to pursue suggestions and to reach definite conclusions, the more elusive did each and all become. The affair was at a deadlock which his wearied brain refused even to strive to break, busying itself perversely instead with the requirements of his wearied body. Nature had been pushed to the point of resistance and doggedly demanded her rights.

Had the case been that of another man Royal would have recognized the futility of his effort at once, but for himself he persisted fully half an hour in the totally useless experiment of trying to force nerve and brain tissue to work of which for the time they were incapable, thereby proving that knowledge and experience admit of more ready application to general than to particular cases, and also the truth of the proposition that a man has usually one rule for his neighbor and another for himself. However, he gave it up at last, forced, like his betters, to admit that so long as spirit shall be incorporated in matter it must submit to the limitations of matter. He made such temporary explanations to the ladies under his charge and such arrangements for their comfort as would relieve him of anxiety on their account for the hours necessary to secure needed rest for himself.

When he awoke the light was struggling through the shutters with the gray pallor peculiar to winter dawn. The

great hotel and the streets around it were as still as the heart of a desert. Royal dressed himself and went to the window. All along the street, in places, shadows lay, as sharply defined as silhouettes by the electric glare, which deals little in these shading and witchery of the moonlight which it simulates. It was too early even for the rattling of milk carts or the maternal billingsgate of sparrows; but away in the distance, beyond the voiceless thoroughfares and expressionless houses, the sky was faintly coloring for joy in a coming good.

Royal drew a chair to the window, and grappled anew with the situation, taking it externally, and as apart from himself, after the manner of a man of action whose intuitive position relative to circumstances is that of an extraneous, coercive force, rather than one which is inherent and, insensibly, regulative.

It did not take him many moments to decide that a disclosure of the true state of the case was inevitable, and must be made as speedily as possible. In spite of the intimate connection with the affairs of the dead man which had been thrust upon him, he knew next to nothing of his family relations or circumstances, save that he might have brothers and sisters, even parents, living with whom it would be necessary to communicate at once by letter or telegram. There would be funeral arrangements to make, and explanations of some sort to give to the curious. A man dying amid a hotel full of people cannot be carried to a cemetery, and inconspicuously buried without further cognizance being taken of the matter than such as would be involved in the settlement of hotel and undertaker’s charges. None knew better than Royal the impossibility of avoidance or escape from the omnipresence of human curiosity.

The question in point was, to whom should the story first be told? Under ordinary circumstances it would have seemed to him most fitting that the person most nearly concerned in an affair should be the one earliest made intimate with its ramifications; but the present circumstances were anything but ordinary, and the communication he was called upon to make might easily be reckoned unprecedented. Royal’s instincts revolted from the straightforward method; it seemed to him rough and brutal. He still hoped, in some as yet misty and mysterious manner, to be able to spare Phyllis a little, or at least to soften things for her. Knowledge of her affliction had aroused his interest in a way totally apart from, and yet strangely commingled with, the interest awakened by the peculiarity of his own position toward her.

To this last, indeed, he gave little thought, for in his mind she was still too closely associated with John Royal to admit of identification in any way with himself. He was simply conscious as a man of an infinite pity for her and as a physician of the fact that there was a case which would require delicate handling.

His thought hovered around Mrs. Hart with an ever increasing sense of relief and satisfaction. Here was a beacon amid the rough waters for them. He had been brought too frequently into juxtaposition with the creature feminine under various and trying circumstances not to recognize a sensible and helpful woman whenever he beheld one. If there should be worse breakers ahead she would indicate their presence and also show him how to shape his course so as to avoid more damage than would be imperative. Of his own unaided efforts in this matter he had come to feel profound distrust.

The event proved that he had not reckoned without his host, for when the natural conservatism and bewilderment incident to an upheaval of accepted conditions had passed away Mrs. Hart rallied to his assistance with all the gallantry of a large natured woman. Her acquaintance with John Royal had been so slight that her regret for his death was without the poignancy of personal bereavement, while her admiration, sympathy and comprehension of his motive and character rendered the process by which she set him apart and exalted him into a chevalier sans peur et sans reproche a simple evolution of sentiment.

Her most active and dominant thought in the matter was for Phyllis.

After some moments given to meditation, during which Royal watched her, conscious of naught so much as the relief of divided responsibility, she turned a troubled face toward him.

“It’s positively awful, this happening just now,” she declared. “I mean it’s more disastrous than if it should have happened at any other time. You haven’t got at all the complications yet; but you’re a doctor and a member of the family, so I can speak quite freely, and can depend on you, I’m sure, to help me decide what will be best for that poor child in the other room. This calamity ought to be kept from her, and yet how we are going to contrive to keep it I can’t see. Perhaps you may be able to suggest a way.”

In her anxiety she ignored the fact of the marriage by proxy having really taken place, or rather she unconsciously allowed for it on a wrong premise. Dr. Royal himself she accepted pretty much as his namesake had accepted him, as a man who inspired trust and might help her out of a difficulty. The fact that so far he had proved himself more adroit at complicating difficulties than at furnishing solutions for them somehow failed of its proper impression. John Royal’s death, for the time being, appeared to nullify all that had preceded it.

Royal now learned that for more than a year the girl had been under treatment for the disease which obscured her vision; that she had spent months at Mrs. Hart’s house in Alexandria during the previous winter, in order to be near the celebrated oculist who had charge of her case, and who divided his time between New York and Washington. The case had progressed so favorably that the great man had appointed a day within that month—indeed, within the next fortnight—for the final and all important operation which would restore her sight or leave her hopeless forever.

Meanwhile, the strictest care had been

enjoined to keep the patient bright and hopeful, to surround her with cheerful influences and assurances of promise. Nature must be induced to co-operate with science to effect a cure. Any sudden or overwhelming emotion, any violent change of conditions, either mental or physical, was to be specially guarded against. That was the reason why she had not been taken to the hospital to be married after the accident. Royal had feared the same reason they had, with one consent, made light of the accident; for it had been necessary to tell her of it guardedly, because of a word or two she had overheard, and also to account for the fact of Royal’s enforced delay.

It had not seemed worth while to postpone the marriage. Immediate possession of the money had been a matter of grave importance, and both parties were fully aware that it could be a marriage only in form until the great question for Phyllis should be decided. After the accident, indeed, John Royal had been more than ever insistent that the arrangements should stand. They had yielded to him and had kept Phyllis bright and interested about her plans, and so prevented her from thinking too much or growing anxious.

She had wonderful self control, poor child, and knew the paramount importance of absence of pronounced emotion; but what woman’s self control would be equal to the strain which knowledge of her lover’s death must put on hers? Then, too, she had been sustained in her efforts by consciousness that happiness for John, as well as for herself, was involved in her preservation of equanimity. And what will not a woman do and endure to make herself worthy in the eyes of the man who loves her? If this incentive and restraint should be removed, who could tell what disastrous consequences might ensue?

Mrs. Hart well might give her hands in her sympathetic appreciation of the difficulty of the situation. To be so near the goal and then have hope balked of fruition! And now when the loss of the money would make the recovery of it more than ever a priceless boon! What could a blind woman without money be save a dependant all her days? And what a fate was that to contemplate from the standpoint of two-and-twenty! If only John Royal could have accomplished his purpose! If only the broken frame could have obeyed the heroic will! Mrs. Hart’s tears fell fast from very pity and a swift realization of human impotence.

Royal’s words surprised her:

“Was she much attached to her cousin?” He put the question in a low voice. For attachment in the sense of lovers Mrs. Hart could not answer, but thought it improbable that that sort of ardor could now be a factor in the engagement. The pair had been separated for six years, and during that time it was reasonable to suppose that the youthful emotion which had drawn them together should have evaporated. That there existed, however, strong love between the cousins their conduct toward each other had proved. John Royal had been a quiet man, she had always heard, absorbed in his profession and ambitious of distinction therein; not a man of much worldly wisdom, nor much addicted to society. Phyllis had doubtless nursed her romance as much through force of circumstances as through love; she had been brought up in the knowledge and belief that her cousin would be her matrimonial destiny, and during her most impressive years she had been held apart from forming any other attachment by the blight which had slowly and insidiously crept over her.

“It was that which prevented Miss Royal from summoning John home before,” Mrs. Hart explained. “She was so anxious that Phyllis’ sight should be restored before he should see her, and the disease was obliged to run its course. Anne liked to arrange the procession for her people down to the most minute details. She kept full knowledge of the child’s condition from him, and I believe it was only just before her last illness, when the possibility of cure was at hand, that she took him into true confidence. And, as ill luck would have it, that letter did not reach John for months after it was written.”

“Why did she make that iniquitous will?” demanded Royal, who felt that here he also had cause of complaint. “God knows! I think, however, that it was made just before John sailed for Europe, and while the engagement was fresh with them all, and the young people very much in love. Perhaps her idea was to keep John true by making his cousin’s future dependent on his constancy. When a copy of the will was sent him, after his aunt’s death, and some indignation was expressed, John wrote us that he had been aware of its contents for years. None of our friends were. They might have coaxed some reason and justice into Anne Royal if they had been. Like a great many women, she never talked about wills; she seemed to have a feeling that to make or even mention such a thing would be to prop the door open for death.”

No one more than Hart Royal could appreciate the importance of satisfactory adjustments between physical and mental relations in cases like the present. He talked the matter over with Mrs. Hart, and, out of pity for the girl and an unconscious adaptation of her thought to the lines indicated by John Royal’s conduct in regard to her, they decided that they would continue to shield her from knowledge of her bereavement until the operation should have been performed. It would be but for a short time, they thought, and no living being would be injured.

Of the property there would be no occasion to think for three months yet, as that time must elapse ere the executor would render his account. And of Royal’s kindred there was none, accessible, nearer than Phyllis. His parents had entered into rest many years before, and of his two sisters one had died in childhood, and the other had married a missionary and gone away with him to some impossible place, where a letter would be months in reaching her.

They removed Phyllis to another ho-

tel, where there would be no chance of her accidentally acquiring more knowledge than they desired for her. She had been told of the death of the stranger, and also that he was really a kinsman and alone in the world, which sufficiently explained the fact that John and Nina should decide to remain in Matocca until after the funeral.

They followed him alone, those two, well knowing that if the still heart and quiet brain could respond to sentient thought or emotion John Royal’s decision would be that it were better the guerdon of tears should be withheld from his memory forever than that the falling of the drops should dim one chance of light for the eyes of his beloved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
MATCHING NILE GREEN.

Why a Salesman at the Silk Counter Never Smiled Again.

Not long ago a young woman set out in quest of a certain difficult shade of Nile green satin. She carried a sample. An anxious look set itself in two stubborn little wrinkles between her mild blue eyes and marred to some extent the sweet repose of her countenance. She wandered up Broadway. In and out of all the big stores on both sides of the great thoroughfare she treaded her tedious way. She stood staunchly at all the silk counters and caused stacks and stacks of pieces of green satin to be brought down, unfolded and piled up into a very mountain of silk. But still the right shade didn’t appear.

At last the polite salesman bethought him of a sample, and he asked her if she had one to match. She produced the fragment of well worn satin, and the salesman, knew at a glance that it was an old, almost obsolete shade, and probably couldn’t be matched in New York. He told her so. Well, couldn’t he get it for her, she asked with a pretty little pout, as it was very important. A Broadway house was too busy to call a halt for the purpose of matching impossible samples.

But the woman was persevering. She tried Fourteenth street next, and exhausted every silk stock and the patience of many salesmen on that thoroughfare without finding what she wanted. None of the floor walkers in these establishments was “green” enough to promise to get the satin for her. There remained, however, Sixth avenue to come, and she went up town and down town, through every store, until she got up to Twenty-third street. Then, with fire in her eye, she sailed around the corner, and at last landed in a big bazar not a thousand miles from the Fifth Avenue hotel.

The purveyor of silks was most obliging. He brought down piece after piece of light green, dark green, olive green and every other sort of green except the shade she wanted, which stubbornly remained invisible. At last, in a moment of weakness, he took pity on the young damsel. He felt sorry for her. Besides, she hadn’t eaten a morsel of lunch and looked as if she were about to cry. Anyway, she was well dressed and not bad looking, and he thought she might develop into a good customer if he took a little trouble to oblige her. So with his best smile, the one he kept for just such occasions, he took the sample and promised that if she would call two days later he would have the exact shade she wanted.

Well, that man actually made it his business to send down town and have a search made through half a dozen wholesale houses for that obsolete shade of Nile green satin, which materialized at last in an old millinery stock on lower Broadway.

The young woman was on hand promptly. The match was a perfect one. “What is the price?” she demanded in a business like way. “Forty-nine cents a yard,” replied the young man, with the air of one who expected to be rewarded with a seraphic smile and a whole torrent of thanks. “Well, then, I guess you may give me an eighth and a sixteenth of a yard, and I’d like it on the bias, please.”

That salesman has never smiled again. He is not a philosopher. He should have found some compensation in the fact that she paid spot cash. She might have ordered it sent home C. O. D., after the manner of some girls.—New York News.

Imagination.

Imagination is a fine gift, but it wants managing. It runs well in harness with a good stout bridle of common sense. Without this bridle, however, it is likely to lead its master a pretty dance. Hey presto! at the merest prompting off it goes, clean out of the realm of earth and experience, right into the middle of space, with the crosslights of unnumbered spheres confusedly upon it, and strange breezes fanning its hot impulsive exterior.

It is a ticklish piece of work to get it back to earth; and it is so exhausted by the madcap scamper out of the ordinary bounds that its luckless master is for a time as prostrate as if he had been flogged with positive misfortunes. Under the false enthusiasm of an hour ago he would have done all things—or at least attempted them—so bracing was its influence upon his mind; but when this same fancy is temporarily laid by the heels he is useless.—All the Year Round.

Chief of Police Deitch, of Cincinnati, received a queer letter from Breen, O. The writer says he has a preparation that will prevent prisoners from resisting arrest. “It kills them for an hour,” he says, “but after that time they recover.”

A New York club recently gave a dinner to all the principal freaks in the dime museums. Living skeletons, fat women, turtle boys, contortionists, magnetic women, Chinese giants, calfeheaded boys, three armed and four legged born dined and danced with their hosts.

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A large stock of groceries, bread, cakes and pies; fresh supplies daily. Special attention given to party or wedding cakes, charlotte-russe, meringues, iced creams of all kinds.

Boards by Day or Week!

Lunches will be served in first-class style at all hours. Goods delivered to all parts of city. Please give me a call.

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DIXON, ILLINOIS.

Spring Overcoats!

It is time to get a Light weight Overcoat and we are

SHOWING A NICE LINE

In All Colors and Styles,
AT POPULAR PRICES!

COME AND SEE THEM!

JAS. H. TODD

118 Galena Street.

LATEST IN SPOOKS.

A New York Woman's Remarkable History.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN.

The Martyr President and His Distinguished Cabinet Said to Have Depended on the Spirits of the Great Dead for Advice—Webster Responsible for the Emancipation Proclamation—A Field Day for Eminent Shades—A Bed-Ridden Woman's Work.

NEW YORK, April 4.—Abraham Lincoln has revisited the earth at White Plains at the home of Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, the once famous medium. Mrs. Maynard is now the wife of the postmaster of that town and has been confined to her bed for nearly ten years, a helpless invalid. For most of this time she has been engaged in dictating to an amanuensis a book containing an account of her seances in Washington City with Lincoln, Sewall, Stanton, and Chase during the most critical period of the nation's history.

Lincoln Influenced by Spirits. "It is well known among those who knew Lincoln at his intimate," said a Spiritualist who was present at yesterday's seance, "that the emancipation proclamation was issued by direction of a spirit said to have been that of Webster speaking through Nettie Colburn, as she was then known. For two years, from 1863 to 1865, Mrs. Maynard was engaged exclusively by President Lincoln, and made her home in the White House, where she gave the president seances almost daily. Careful notes were kept of all these important communications, and the book was completed and put into the hands of Dr. S. B. Brittan for publication about two years ago.

Spooks Assist in Writing a Book. "He died soon afterward and the manuscript was lost. Mrs. Maynard set to work to rewrite the history, having, as she says, been assured that she would be assisted by her spirit friends and kept alive until the task was finished." To verify certain dates and other details Mrs. Maynard has during the progress of the work, so her Spiritualist friends say, consulted the spirit of Lincoln and other spirits. During the last two years while she has been lying in precisely the same position on her bed, her hands and feet twisted terribly by rheumatism, she has been further favored by the visits of M. E. Williams, of this city.

Twenty-Three Ghostly Visitors. Through his mediumship the shades of the invalid's departed friends visited her in visible and tangible shape, bringing her strength and counsel. The last of these seances was held yesterday in the sick chamber of the cozy house in White Plains. The "cabinet" consisted of an impromptu arrangement of curtains of soft black woolen stuff drawn across one corner of the room. From this emerged no less than twenty-three ghosts. Congressmen Sumner, of Maine, an intimate friend of Lincoln, came out and walked up to Mrs. Maynard's bedside to give her the precise dates of some events recounted in the latter part of her book, which she had been trying for weeks past to remember.

Shade of Lincoln, Tell This: The shade of Lincoln, tall, stately, dark, and sad-looking appeared for a few moments, gave Mrs. Maynard assurances as to some details in her story and promised to control her and communicate more fully and particularly to these events later. Gen. Morgan Christie, who commanded the Thirtieth New York regiment, appeared in his brigadier's uniform and was recognized by Mrs. Maynard and her sister, Mrs. Colburn.

Reminded Them of a Joke. He reminded them of a certain evening in Washington City twenty years ago, and of a practical joke that occurred which gave him the nickname of "Duck Legs." The other spirits appeared in quick succession. At the close of the seance the invalid, for whom it was chiefly given, said she had been greatly comforted and strengthened. With the missing dates supplied by the accommodating shade of the martyr president, she will now speedily complete her book.

GOV. HILL'S LATE KEYNOTE.

Comments Thereon by Politicians at the National Capital.

CHICAGO, April 4.—The Herald's Washington City dispatch has the following: "Governor Hill's letter against free trade attracted some attention here. Its chief importance, as viewed among the politicians of the national capital, is as corroborative of the theory that the old protectionist crowd in the Democratic party is preparing to take the field. It is understood here that the first campaign to be made by this element is for control of the next house of representatives.

Will Stand by Crisp for Speaker. "Senator Gorman, Governor Hill, Tammany Hall, and all the anti-Cleveland protection element are said to be out for Crisp for speaker. They will regard it as a great victory for their wing of the party if they can defeat Mills, who, with characteristic frankness, talks free trade on the stump. Crisp, while counted a tariff reformer, is a very moderate one, and really belongs to the protection school."

Democratic Banquet at Milwaukee. MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 4.—The Juvenile Democratic club gave a banquet at the Plankinton house Friday night, which was largely attended. Senator-elect Palmer, of Illinois, and Governor Peck, who were to have been present, toasts, were unable to be present. Gen. Clark spoke on "The Democratic Party the Party of Political Reform; William G. F. King on "The Tariff," and B. G. Schley on "The Young Democracy."

A Wisconsin Supreme Judge Dead. MADISON, Wis., April 4.—Supreme Court Justice David Taylor died suddenly last night. He had been in court all day, and going home at supper apparently in his usual health. Shortly afterward he was seized with a pain in the region of his heart, and expired before medical assistance arrived. He was born in Carlisle, N. Y., March 1818, and came to Wisconsin in 1846, being chosen justice in 1876. He leaves a wife and five children.

Windmill to Go Out Monday. WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—Superintendent Architect Windmill has tendered his resignation to take effect April 6, on which day he will assume the duties of his new office—superintendent of public works in Philadelphia.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

John Trauble, vice president of the First National bank of Jacksonville, Ill., died in that city Friday.

The majority against the Parnellite candidate for parliament in Thursday's election in Sligo was 806.

Everything was quiet Friday at the scene of Thursday's rioting in the Pennsylvania coke regions.

John Woodington, one of the first settlers of Platt county, Ill., died at his home near Monticello, aged 76.

Ten persons were killed and others injured by an explosion in a coal mine at Staffordshire, England, Thursday.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended Friday evening aggregated \$11, for the corresponding week in 1890, 109.

The mother of the two Nicols, who were hanged in Pennsylvania Thursday, has become a raving maniac, and will probably never recover.

Governor Boyd, of Nebraska, has vetoed the bill recently passed by the legislature fixing the maximum freight rates. The senate sustained the veto.

A N-York dispatch says an English syndicate has purchased the mining properties of J. B. Hagdon, in Montana. The first payment is \$4,000,000.

Miss Gabrielle Greeley, Horace Greeley's daughter, and Rev. F. M. Clendenin, pastor of St. Peter's Episcopal church at Westchester, are to be married soon.

Fifty seekers for Omaha land claims, which will not be opened for settlement until April 15, have already formed in line before the Ashland, Wis., land office.

The vessel having on board the Nicaragua canal party from this country struck a reef 24 miles from Greytown and went to the bottom. The crew and passengers, of whom Hon. Warner Miller was one, were all saved.

Asa Montague, of Centerville, Ky., who has lived for fifty years under that name, has just discovered that his proper name is Kimbrough. His parents died when he was an infant, and his foster parents never revealed the secret of his birth.

A man named Henry Williams was arrested at Nyack, N. J., the other day, who was possessed with the delusion that his body was at Fairview, N. J., while his soul was at Nyack. He also said he had his father's soul along too. His father, he said, was M. D. Williams, of Indianapolis.

William M. Roberts and wife, of Liberty, Mo., took a sick and apparently poor stranger into their home last fall and have cared for him since. He died this week, and by his will Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are given a valuable business block in Kansas City and \$12,000 in money. The stranger's name was David Williams.

Erastus Wiman Sued for \$50,000.

NEW YORK, April 4.—The trial of Miss Henrietta Woods' suit against Erastus Wiman for \$50,000 for damages for libel was begun in the circuit court in Brooklyn yesterday. It arises out of Mr. Wiman's effort to have imprisonment for debt abolished by law. In support of this bill pamphlets were printed containing statements from several of the existing statutes and also setting forth their individual stories. Among the other statements was one by Terrence Monett, who was in jail for failing to pay a judgment obtained against him by Miss Woods in a breach of promise suit. In his statement Monett said a number of things that reflected much upon Miss Woods' character; hence the suit.

Preferred to Have No Publicity.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 4.—John G. Willets, who was charged with assault on shooting Dolphin M. Cobb, one of the proprietors of the South Brooklyn Steam Engine works, was discharged yesterday by Justice Tughe, Mr. Cobb failing to appear against Willets. The shooting is supposed to have resulted from an intimacy with Willets' daughter.

Kossuth Nearly 90 Years Old.

LONDON, April 4.—A dispatch from Vienna says that a plan is on foot in Hungary to make a presentation to Louis Kossuth on the occasion of his 89th birthday, on the 27th of this month. The aged patriot is said to be again ill, and is in far from easy circumstances in his home at Turin.

That Lively Kansas City Justice.

KANSAS CITY, April 4.—Justice Ganzhorn was again arrested yesterday for assaulting H. Chadeayne, a lawyer, in his court room with a chair.

The Weather We May Expect.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 4.—The following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 3 p. m. yesterday: For Illinois and Indiana—Fair weather; clearing, 4 to 6; ana; northwesterly winds; stationary temperature; fair Sunday. For Michigan and Wisconsin—Generally fair on Saturday; northwesterly winds; stationary temperature; fair Sunday. For Iowa—Fair weather; stationary temperature; northerly winds; warmer and fair on Sunday.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 4.—Quotations on the board of trade today followed: Wheat—No. 2, April, opened \$1.04 1/2, May, opened, \$1.05 1/2, closed, \$1.05; July, opened, \$1.04 1/2, closed, \$1.05; Corn—No. 2, April, opened 68 1/2, closed 68 1/2; May, opened 68 1/2, closed 68 1/2; July, opened 68 1/2, closed 68 1/2; Oats—No. 2, May, opened 54 1/2, closed 54 1/2; June, opened 54 1/2, closed 54 1/2; July, opened 54 1/2, closed 54 1/2; Pork—May, opened 12 1/2, closed 12 1/2; July, opened 12 1/2, closed 12 1/2; Lard—May, opened 34 1/2, closed 34 1/2; July, opened 34 1/2, closed 34 1/2. Live stock—Following were the prices at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened active and firm; shippers the principal buyers; prices 50 lb. higher; light grades, \$4.50 to \$5.00; rough packing, \$4.30 to \$4.70; mixed, \$4.50 to \$5.00; heavy packing and shipping, \$4.75 to \$5.00; pigs, \$3.25 to \$4.15. Produce—Butter—Fancy separator, 37 1/2 to 38 1/2 per lb.; fresh dairies, 33 1/2 to 34 1/2; packing stock, 1 lb. 1 lb. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2 per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 14 1/2 to 15 1/2 per lb.; ducks, 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; turkeys, mixed lots, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2; geese, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2; white roasts, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2 per lb.; Hens, \$1.07 to \$1.10; Peas, \$1.02 to \$1.04. Sweet potatoes—Illinois Jersey, \$1.00 to \$1.10; Cranberries—Ball and Cherry, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per lb.; Red and Blue, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Apples—Fancy, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per box; eating, \$1.50 to \$2.00; cooking, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

New York.

NEW YORK, April 4.—Wheat—No. 2 red winter, \$1.15; No. 2 white, \$1.14; No. 3, \$1.13; No. 4, \$1.12; No. 5, \$1.11; No. 6, \$1.10; No. 7, \$1.09; No. 8, \$1.08; No. 9, \$1.07; No. 10, \$1.06; No. 11, \$1.05; No. 12, \$1.04; No. 13, \$1.03; No. 14, \$1.02; No. 15, \$1.01; No. 16, \$1.00; No. 17, \$0.99; No. 18, \$0.98; No. 19, \$0.97; No. 20, \$0.96; No. 21, \$0.95; No. 22, \$0.94; No. 23, \$0.93; No. 24, \$0.92; No. 25, \$0.91; No. 26, \$0.90; No. 27, \$0.89; No. 28, \$0.88; No. 29, \$0.87; No. 30, \$0.86; No. 31, \$0.85; No. 32, \$0.84; No. 33, \$0.83; No. 34, \$0.82; No. 35, \$0.81; No. 36, \$0.80; No. 37, \$0.79; No. 38, \$0.78; No. 39, \$0.77; No. 40, \$0.76; No. 41, \$0.75; No. 42, \$0.74; No. 43, \$0.73; No. 44, \$0.72; No. 45, \$0.71; No. 46, \$0.70; No. 47, \$0.69; No. 48, \$0.68; No. 49, \$0.67; No. 50, \$0.66; No. 51, \$0.65; No. 52, \$0.64; No. 53, \$0.63; No. 54, \$0.62; No. 55, \$0.61; No. 56, \$0.60; No. 57, \$0.59; No. 58, \$0.58; No. 59, \$0.57; No. 60, \$0.56; No. 61, \$0.55; No. 62, \$0.54; No. 63, \$0.53; No. 64, \$0.52; No. 65, \$0.51; No. 66, \$0.50; No. 67, \$0.49; No. 68, \$0.48; No. 69, \$0.47; No. 70, \$0.46; No. 71, \$0.45; No. 72, \$0.44; No. 73, \$0.43; No. 74, \$0.42; No. 75, \$0.41; No. 76, \$0.40; No. 77, \$0.39; No. 78, \$0.38; No. 79, \$0.37; No. 80, \$0.36; No. 81, \$0.35; No. 82, \$0.34; No. 83, \$0.33; No. 84, \$0.32; No. 85, \$0.31; No. 86, \$0.30; No. 87, \$0.29; No. 88, \$0.28; No. 89, \$0.27; No. 90, \$0.26; No. 91, \$0.25; No. 92, \$0.24; No. 93, \$0.23; No. 94, \$0.22; No. 95, \$0.21; No. 96, \$0.20; No. 97, \$0.19; No. 98, \$0.18; No. 99, \$0.17; No. 100, \$0.16.

Never Get Rattled.

A man was driving four horses to a large wagon when one of them, a Texas pony, began to fret. Instead of coaxing him up a little he began to slash him numerically with the little fellow hit back with his heels.

The more the man lashed the harder the pony kicked, and finally his legs became tangled in the harness and he quietly sat down on the tongue to await developments, while two street car drivers behind the wagon were blowing their whistles for it to get out of the way.

Instead of freeing the horse the man continued to lash him, causing him to be further entangled and to lie down under the other horse, the two being an almost inextricable mass.

Some of the passengers on the street cars were swearing in seven different languages, while the two drivers were watching a fallen horse and a crowd of bystanders were betting he'd kick a hole in the sky before he went to work again.

It took ten minutes to get that horse untangled and five minutes more to harness him up again, and then it took the street car drivers five minutes to get their mules waked up.

Twenty minutes lost, and no telling how many men waiting for the street cars lost their religion, all on account of the driver of one wagon getting rattled at the antics of a Texas pony.

A good motto to paste in your hat is, "Keep cool, my son, and never let yourself get rattled."—Atlanta Journal.

A Weird Phenomenon.

Capt. Currie, of the British ship Wayfarer, which arrived in Oakland, Cal., a few days ago, 154 days from Antwerp, reports a weird phenomenon on the night of Nov. 12. The Wayfarer was then in latitude 52 deg. 30 min. south, longitude 65 deg. 20 min. west. It had been blowing several days, but with nightfall the air became perfectly calm and the sea as smooth as glass. Overhead the sky was as black as ink from the dense masses of heavy clouds, and with the barometer at 28.50 a rain storm was looked for. The expected down-pour did not occur, but instead the sea glowed with a phosphorescence beyond anything the oldest mariner had ever seen.

The ship's surroundings were lit up so that it was possible to read on deck. Nobody cared much for reading, however; the contrast between the light from the sea and the inky clouds was so ghoulish that all hands could not help feeling that some unnatural catastrophe was about to occur. The crew were much relieved when a breeze dissipated the clouds, and the phosphorescence disappeared at the same time. —San Francisco Examiner.

An Infurated Cow Among Children.

An infuriated cow broke away from a herd of cattle which was being driven through Hospital street, Nantwich, to the Crewe abattoir, and ran into the Wesleyan school yard. The children were in the yard waiting for the opening of the school doors. The appearance of the animal caused a panic among the children, whom it attacked ferociously. A number of them were caught on its horns and tossed, while many others were trampled upon. The drovers and other men who had pursued the cow beat it out of the yard and it was eventually slaughtered. Forty-five children were more or less injured and had to be carried to their homes. Fifteen were seriously bruised and cut, and their clothes torn to shreds. One little girl had her face lacerated, and was picked up in an unconscious condition. —Pall Mall Gazette.

There Are Giant Oysters in These Days.

The Smith Brothers, of Oyster Point, had what some people concluded was the largest oyster in the state. It was caught a few days ago a short distance from the new lighthouse. It measured 14 inches long and 2 inches across at its widest part.

Elery Camp, proprietor of the store 141 Orange street, has an oyster shell that beats the Smith monster. It is 12 inches in length and 4 inches across its broadest part. He has had it five years. He picked it up in an oyster shop in Stony Creek. It was caught by the Stony Creek Oyster company off Flying Point. It tapers in width from 4 inches to about 1 inch. How old this oyster shell is Mr. Camp could not state. —New Haven Register.

Colorado's Pretty Reading Clerk.

Anna M. Kelly, of Denver, may be found today and hereafter until the close of the session occupying the desk of reading clerk in the Colorado senate, to which office she has been chosen. The contest over the election of this official was sharp and interesting while in progress. It ended in a victory for a woman. The rights of women are at least partially vindicated in the result which places a member of the gentler sex in an office never before held by any other than a strong voiced man in the history of Colorado senate. —Denver Republican.

Although the late Duke of Bedford was cremated, when the bearers raised the coffin they found it as heavy as usual, the duke having left instructions that a piece of lead should be put into his coffin with a statement of the cremation, in case, if the coffin were opened centuries hence, there should arise some suspicion concerning his death.

Neither the submerged chain system nor the endless rope system of cablehaul haulage has proved satisfactory in Germany, so that experiments are now being made in the use of heavy towing cars drawn by locomotives similar to those used in mines.

Dr. J. H. Gallinger, who has been elected United States senator from New Hampshire, was a compositor on The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette twenty-five years ago, and studied medicine in the intervals of his labors at the case.

The results of the recent expedition to Greenland prove that north of 75 degs. the land is covered with a sheet of ice 5,000 to 6,000 feet thick over the valleys.

Will Hunt No More Quail in Florida.

Three Nimrods who have been hunting quail near here for some weeks past were on Thursday last treated to an experience that they will never forget.

They were hunting that morning in the flat woods near Beresford, and while trying to locate a covey of quail that their dogs had flushed close to a growth of high palmettos, one of the party who was some distance from the others suddenly called out, "A rattler!" His dog was only a few feet in front of him, when all at once he sprang to one side quicker than a flash and came "to heel."

On the instant there came from under the palmetto that well known but dreaded sound to the hunter—the rattle.

To locate the snake was an impossibility, for the peculiar noise that emanates from that vibrating tail so affects the drum of the ear that, unless the snake is seen, it would seem to be within a radius of but a few feet, but where you cannot tell. Finally, after much caution by the hunters, with the aid of a stick at least ten feet long, the palmettos were beaten down enough to see his head raised out of a "gopher hole." Angry and fierce he looked; his eyes seemed fairly to emit sparks of fire. After gazing at him for a short instant, one of the party fired, hitting him full on the head, and the hideous warning ceased. Then, with a forked stick and the united efforts of two, he was pulled out of his retreat.

His length was five feet and ten inches, and he girted at the center of the body twelve inches and one-quarter—having twelve rattles. One of the party remarked: "Gentlemen, I have seen my first rattler on its natural domain in Florida, and I'm ready to quit. If quail live in their locality, even if every bird had a new \$10 silver certificate tied to it, I say let it go." —De Land Cor. Florida Times-Union.

Steam Crane Excavator.

A steam crane has been constructed for employment on the Manchester ship canal which has done some remarkably good work, both in hard and in soft material. The machine is an ordinary ten ton locomotive crane, with an excavator attached to the jib, the whole being carried on a steel truck fitted with wheels. The principal feature of the excavator is the method by which the bucket is fed up to its work. This is done by a special steam cylinder, which is bolted to the arms carrying the bucket, and by means of which the bucket can be moved in or out a distance of two feet as desired. In making a cut the bucket is first lowered to the bottom of the cutting, and then fed up to its work by the steam cylinder, the valves of which are controlled from the footplate of the machine.

The lifting gear is then applied, and the bucket is swept up the face of the cutting by means of the lifting gear. In practice entire cuttings up to 20 feet deep and 40 feet wide have been worked by these machines, the output varying, so the makers state, from 200 to 300 wagons of 4 cubic yards each per day of eleven hours. The cost of such excavation and delivery into wagons is said to be a trifle less than two cents per cubic yard. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Rare Orchid.

In one of the tropical greenhouses at the Harvard botanic garden in Cambridge may be seen in flower a wonderful and noble plant belonging to the orchid family. This magnificent plant, which is technically named *Angraecum sesquipedale*, is a native of Madagascar, where it is found growing upon trees. In its native country its stem is from three to four feet high; the leaves, about a foot long, dark, shining green. The flower is about six inches in diameter, ivory white, with a spur from twelve to eighteen inches long, and it has a powerful fragrance, particularly at night. It was discovered about seventy years ago, but was not introduced in a living state until 1857. It has become famous as one of the orchids which Darwin was specially interested in on account of the exceptional length of its spur. The plant at the Cambridge Botanic garden is a particularly good specimen, and has four spikes of flowers, with three blooms on each spike. —Boston Journal.

Argentiferous Human Bones.

John Sanger brought to this city recently an arrow head, made of tempered copper, and a number of human bones, which were found in the Rocky Point mine, at Gilman, 460 feet below the surface of the earth, imbedded in a vein of silver bearing ore. (Over \$100 worth of ore clung to the bones when they were removed from the mine.)

The important feature of this discovery is the fact that these relics were found in the center of a vein of ore, indicating that man was in existence on this continent when the molten metal was sent coursing through the fissures of these mountains. —Leadville Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Discrepancy Somewhere.

It is related of one of the members of the legislature who recently went on a junketing trip in a special car that when he was making his toilet in the morning he began using a tooth brush belonging to another member, which he found on the washstand.

"Hold on, there," said his colleague. "That's my tooth brush you are using."

"The duce it is!" was the rejoinder.

"If this is your'n, where is the one that belongs to the car?" —Indianapolis News.

A Cheerful Prediction.

There are no less than five discoveries aside from Koch's for the cure of consumption, and all proved of value, and it is predicted by medical men that within ten years consumption will hardly be known in the civilized world. —Detroit Free Press.

Corn Makes Good Soap.

It is claimed that an eastern chemist has discovered a process for making soap from corn. The discovery promises to revolutionize the art of soap making. The product is said to be absolutely pure, and better than the finest toilet soap now made. —New York Journal.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } SS
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 80.

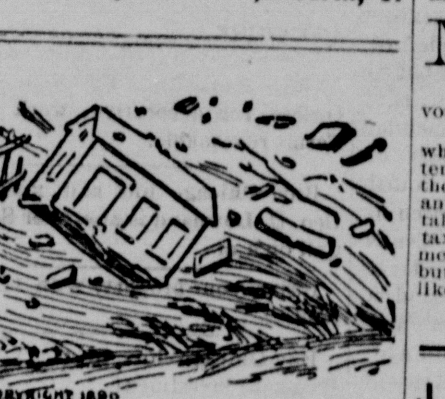
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Signs of Weakness.

A great many people have weak lungs or are liable to kidney trouble. In ordinary circumstances they enjoy reasonably good health, but as soon as they take cold the malady settles on the weak spots in their system and they suffer and eventually break down. The peculiarities of REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE are that it will cure the worst cold, and that no danger can arise from an overdose, and that if persisted in it eradicates all tendency to pneumonia, catarrh, consumption and kindred trouble, and that it heals the kidneys and acts as a stimulant to the digestive organs. In this particular REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE is utterly unlike the generality of cough medicines because they contain opiates and aim to dry up the cough regardless of the fact that they thereby produce constipation of the bowels and thus invite a large train of diseases. For sale by all druggists, 25 and 50 cents.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO.,
Sole Manufacturers,
107 Main St., Peoria, Ill.



CURRENT 1890

A building up of the entire system follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nerve—and a certain remedy for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. For periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhoea and kindred ailments, it is a positive specific—a guaranteed one. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on these terms. With an ordinary medicine, it can't be done.

That's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate medicine, not a beverage. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Has received a fine selection of

FINE
BEST: MEN: TAILORS

TO BE FOUND IN
He has no boys nor women, and is strictly attending to business.

F. F. DIXON,
Merchant Tailor
MAIN ST. DIXON

\$3000 A YEAR! Undertake to fully

WOLF'S ACME Blacking
NEVER GET HARD AND STIFF.
WATERPROOF and warranted to preserve leather, and keep it soft and durable.

10c Will pay for the Cost 10c
10c of Changing Plain White 10c
10c Glass Windows to Ruby, 10c
10c Emerald, Opal, 10c
10c or other Costly Glass. 10c

PIKORON
FOR GLASS WILL DO IT.



EVERY WOMAN THAT HAS ANY SENSE, AND MANY THERE BE WE HOPE, WILL SPEND HER CENTS FOR A USEFUL CAKE OF FAIRBANK'S-SANTA-CLAUS-SOAP.

SURE INVESTMENTS!

And money in our property near

CHICAGO LAWN

Buy while the prices are

Way Down!

Easy terms or trade for a good House in Dixon.

Prospectus and Maps sent Free.

ROCKFORD SECURITY & INVESTMENT CO.

S. FLETCHER WEYBURN, M'n'g., Rockford, Ill.

MOXIE HALF A DAY OF NEW AND VIGOROUS LIFE IN EVERY BOTTLE.

A harmless, simple food that supercedes the use of stimulants and nervines; recovers nervousness, insomnia, nervous and mental exhaustion and effects of dissipation at once.

In 1893, while hunting for health in South America, LIEUT. MOXIE found the people using what they called FOOD PLANT as we do groats. Surprised at its effect on his own nervous system, he shipped a bag to Dr. Thomas, asking him to determine its character. Wherever used, the patient said: "It gives me a solid, durable strength, and very good appetite." It cured anything caused by nervous exhaustion; it restored nervous people who were tired out mentally or physically, stopped the appetite for intoxicants, cured insanity, blindness from over-mental or physically, with less fatigue. It was found to be neither medicine nor stimulant, but a nerve food as harmless as milk. Women say: "My nervousness and exhaustion went like magic." For sale everywhere.

Also Syrup by the Gallon for Soda Fountains.

J. V. & J. E. THOMAS

AGENTS FOR THE
Loading Fire, Life and
Accident

EVENING TELEGRAPH
Published daily except Sunday.
OFFICE : ON : WATER : STREET
Telephone, Number Five
Delivered by Carriers for Ten Cents per week

Kid Gloves!
PERCENTMERI & CO
FROTHING
New York
Milano
Gloves
CELEBRATED
KID GLOVES
PERFECTION OF FIT
"ALL FIRST QUALITY GLOVES
BRANDED WITH OUR NAME
IN FULL IN-LEAF HAND-GLOVE"
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

air Kid Gloves,
try a pair of them, they are correct in fit.
For a short time only we quote the fol-
lowing prices:
Our \$1.00 Button Kid Gloves for 60cts.
Fosberg Paul (Dresden) Lacing Gloves,
best quality \$1.00 a pair, warranted.
Our \$1.50 five hook Undressed Kid
Gloves at \$1.25, warranted.
Our \$1.50 five button Undressed Real
Kid at \$1.00 a pair.
One lot Kid Gloves, button, odds and
ends, 50cts a pair.

STERN BROS.,
NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

R. R. TIME TABLE.
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.	
No 1 Overland Limited	A.....1:22 a m
No 7 Pacific Express	A.....2:59 a m
No 11 Sterling Passenger	C.....12:25 p m
No 3 Omaha Express	C.....3:42 p m
No 9 Sterling Passenger	C.....7:39 p m
No 5 Denver Limited	A.....8:57 p m
TRAINS GOING EAST.	
No 8 Atlantic Express	A.....3:10 a m
No 6 Denver Limited	A.....5:24 a m
No 10 Sterling Passenger	C.....6:47 a m
No 2 Overland Limited	C.....10:59 a m
No 4 Chicago Express	C.....10:44 a m
No 12 Clinton Passenger	C.....2:22 p m
PLEASE NOTE that No 8 and 4 will not run Sundays; No 11 will not stop at Dixon for dinner and only runs as far as Sterling. Freight trains are allowed to carry pas- sengers as follows:	
EAST BOUND	
No 46 bet'n Sterling & Turner	C.....7:50 a m
No 34 " " Clinton & Turner	C.....12:32 p m
No 16 " " Clinton & Cortland	C.....7:42 p m
WEST BOUND	
No 35 bet'n Rochelle & Sterling	C.....6:42 a m
No 45 " " Turner & Sterling	C.....2:15 p m
No 15 " " " & Clinton	C.....5:35 p m
Numbers 16 and 35 will carry a coach for the accommodation of passengers. "A" Daily. "C" Daily except Sunday. F. L. MURRAY, Agent.	
ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.	
GOING SOUTH.	
Passenger +	11:13 a m
Passenger +	3:15 p m
Freight Passenger +	2:10 p m
LaSalle +	6:00 p m
GOING NORTH.	
Passenger +	2:50 a m
LaSalle Passenger +	6:18 a m
Passenger +	2:50 p m
Freight +	8:15 p m
+ Daily except Sunday. + Daily except Monday. W. C. WOOLEY, Ticket Agent.	

(Continued from first page)

It was a link between the Church and the Sunday-school, teaching older as well as younger people the great lessons. A new way of training workers for Christ. Old-time prayer-meetings are of the past. The new work enlarges the views of younger Christians; it has a wider adaptability, and gives a true unity among Christians. It is God's gift to all denominations; religion for all people; fellowship plays an important part in religion.

The Rev. E. C. Sickles of this city, delivered an able address, taking for his subject, 'The Christian Endeavor Society, its adaptation to all denominations in promoting the fellowship of young Christians; their allegiance to their own church; their activity in all branches of Christian effort.

The occasion was a pleasant and interesting one, and, as was well expressed in the closing of the programme, the Spirit most prominent was a settled purpose to enjoy the convention; a prayer spirit; a heart full of brotherly love; a desire to give a blessing as well as get one. And each person in attendance finally departed from the meeting with a heart aflame with love; a determination to work for Christ and the Church as never before; a spirit of love for his own church and loyalty to it; a new sense of fellowship with all God's people; and a determination to give his own society the very best pointers when he goes home.

—Why is it that the butcher drives his horses as though the ghosts of the slaughtered animals were after him. Did you ever observe this fact? It is not alone characteristic of Dixon butchers for here is the New York Herald calling attention to the rapid driving of butchers generally. We have one meatman in Dixon whose horse has become so accustomed to going with a whirl that it never misses an opportunity to run away.

CITY COUNCIL MEETING.
Mayor Steel called the meeting to order, and after the formal business by the clerk, all were reported present except Rosbrook, who was ill.

First came a petition for permission to remove part of sidewalk on Hennepin street, asked for by C. J. Ryan who is making an addition.

A resolution was passed that in this case, and hereafter, \$500 bond will be necessary to insure the city against any accident that happens from the condition of the walk, or road. This will make builders keep the walk and road in good shape.

Fellows, Petersburg and others want Crawford avenue changed back to the old name, Chicago street.

There was a petition presented to establish a hack stand where trucks, etc., can be found. Referred to ordinance committee.

It was requested that the water main on Fellows street, from n. e. cor. of Parson's block to run to Ed. O'Brien's house, three-and-a-half blocks farther east. Their argument was that the improvements at assembly ground, amounting to ten thousand dollars, needed fire protection.

There were petitions for sidewalks, which if granted, would add over two miles to the present accommodations in that line.

Edward Fargo and others petitioned for the grading of Sixth street, between Galena and Hennepin. Mr. Fargo was given permission to remove dirt from street under committee's supervision.

Wm. H. Page presented a proposition to the council that he would macadamize Everett street, from the point near the intersection with Everett and Fellows streets, east of the I. C. R. R. to Galena avenue.

[This should read 'Fellows street' instead of Everett, as Mr. Page requests us to correct.]

His proposition was to stone the street similar to work done on the John L. Lord road—laying stone at average depth of eight inches, twenty feet wide, at a cost of \$6 per running rod.

Petitioners want Seventh street, from the Central track to Chicago avenue, improved.

Fire Marshal A. J. Groff was re-appointed.

The marshal reported fines \$40. Collected \$15.

The clerk's bond of \$5,000 and treasurer \$25,000, approved.

The finance committee audited bills to the amount of \$552.77.

C. W. Latimer was re-appointed sexton. A committee consisting of Appleford, Parsons and Gonnemann appointed to investigate calaboose regarding repairs.

The sidewalk committee recommended the following: To extend the walk on the east side College avenue to Fourth street; on the east side Van Buren to Third street; on the west side Centre avenue from Sixth to Seventh streets; on Quarry from Sixth north four hundred and ten feet; in North Dixon on West Fellows street, on North Crawford ave., on south side Water street to Artesian Place; on Gilbraith ave., two blocks north of Central railroad, on Peoria ave., between Seventh and Ninth streets.

A resolution was adopted to have the council meet on Friday next and as a whole go over the city and see what repairs are needed.

The street committee reported in favor of paying to Geo. L. Schuler two and one-half dollars running foot, as the city's part of the expense of the stone walk—Galena and First streets.

The council then adjourned for two weeks.

College Items.

There was a general depression of lower maxillaries when Prof. Dille announced yesterday that there would be school until noon on Saturday. This has been the custom, however, on the first week of every term for some time past and to stand it is about all one can do.

The Classic class numbers four. Three have taken up double work and are carrying both the business and literary courses, and two, we understand, are also taking what is known as the "reception room" course. To explain—when a young man fills the position of escort for a young lady rooming at the Residence, he is said to be working on the Reception Room course. Very interesting, no doubt. No extra charges for it.

Prof. Dille has issued the following edict which may be of importance to many: "Young gentlemen are not to be allowed to call for young ladies at the Residence during study hours." Somebody's cake is dough.

The Aurora gave a very good program last evening after which a sociable was held. About as dry as usual and awkward as is common at the beginning of the term. The boys on one side of the room and the girls on the other. But they'll get acquainted soon enough.

The new boarding hall has not been opened but will probably be in a few days. If nothing happens the electric lights will be ready for use this evening. You will hardly know chapel hall now.

Miss Katie M. Knapp has been sick for a few days but is better now.

All the recitations rooms received a thorough whitewashing during vacation and all the buildings were cleaned throughout. The sanitary advantages of the institution are of the best.

GASOLINE STOVES REPAIRED.
Go to H. E. Kennedy to get your Gasoline Stoves repaired. At the rear of Ho & Antoine. 45w1*

Church Announcements.

Every young man in our city is cordially invited to attend the song and gospel service in the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
First mass at 8:30 a. m.; High mass at 10:30 a. m. Sunday evening at 7:30 vespers, sermon and benediction of the blessed sacrament.
Wednesday 7:30 Rosary and benediction.
Friday 7:30 Stations of the Cross and benediction.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Services at 10:30 and 7:30. Morning subject: "The Test of Nobility; evening: "The Price of Preferment to Young People." Class meeting 9:45; Sabbath school 12; Epworth League 6:30. All welcome.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.
First Sunday after Easter. At 10:45 a. m. morning prayer and sermon followed by celebration of the Holy Communion; at 7:30 p. m. evening prayer and sermon. Evening prayer Fridays 7:30 p. m. During April the Rector will be at the Vestry Mondays 4:30 p. m. and Fridays 8 p. m. for the purpose of giving confirmation instructions.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject: "Triumph Faith," (John xx:28. Evening subject, "Seeing the Lord," John xx:25. Young peoples meeting at 6:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Preaching by Rev. W. D. Fuller. Morning service at 10:30 a. m.; evening 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.; Society of Christian Endeavor 6 p. The public cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m.; Christian Endeavor meeting at 6 p. m.

Fellow citizens:—I am still in the race for collector. Trusting that my announcement was a sufficient appeal for your suffrage I modestly submit my claims to your decision at the polls.

Respectfully yours,
GEORGE M. DELAND.

Barley malt whiskey is good for la grippe. Sold by Charlie Plein.

My fourth stock of new styles of wall paper and window shades just received. Call and obtain prices before you buy.

W. D. DUFFIN,
Druggist.

ART WORK.
Lessons given in painting and drawing by Miss Pankhurst, 422 Galena avenue. Orders for decorative work solicited. Terms reasonable. 42tf

Buy Chicago lots and make money. Geo. C. Loveland is agent for S. E. Gross. Call on him. d6t

Insure your property with G. C. Loveland. d6t

Buy Chicago lots of G. C. Loveland. Its a safe investment. d6t

Circumstances have placed the fruit and confectionery store at No. 17 Main street, (late G. K. Reynold's stand) in my hands and it is now for sale. Meanwhile I shall see that those who call will have courteous treatment and fair dealing. The stock of goods will be kept up to its previous good standard and condition and at proper prices.

When our Spring repairs are made the place will be bright, light and cleanly, and will be known while I have it as "THE LIGHTHOUSE". I shall be glad to have those call who want fine fruits, candies or cigars.

406 J. P. PLUMMER
For Insurance go to G. C. Loveland. d6t

Fine millinery novelties. Misses Myers & Walden, over jewelry store. dtf

HAIRING AND PAINTING:
Charles McBride will do all kinds of carriage painting, papering, painting and decorating in good style.

Soft coal that burns as clear as wood is nice and Pitcher sells it.

Very popular, very small, very good De Witt's Little Early Risers, the pill for constipation, biliousness, sick headache. Sold by D. S. Horton, druggist.

FARM FOR SALE OR TRADE
An improved farm in the best section of Kansas, to sell or trade for Dixon property. Enquire at this office. 39t

It is quite the fashion now to take De Witt's Little Early Risers for liver, stomach and bowel disorders. They are small pills, but mighty good ones. D. S. Horton sells them.

LATEST FASHION
In gentlemen's suitings, consisting of all kinds of fancy coatings and Cheviot cloth of the latest styles just received by M. CAHILL,
1763tf No. 9 Main st.

Chase's Barley Malt Whisky is stimulating and nourishing to the consumptive, the old and feeble. It is absolutely pure. Sold by Chas. Plein, Dixon.

De Witt's Little Early Risers never gripe or cause nausea. Mild but sure, assist rather than force. Best little pill for sick headache, chronic constipation, dyspepsia. Sold by D. S. Horton, druggist

Bulk garden seeds at GEO. D. LAING'S. 2230m2

If food sou's on the stomach, digestion is defective. De Witt's Little Early Risers will remedy this. The famous little pills that never gripe and never disappoint. Sold by D. S. Horton, druggist.

MILLINERY.
The ladies of Dixon and vicinity are respectfully invited to examine my stock of spring millinery. A complete and well selected line of stylish goods both home and foreign productions. Make your selections early; get benefit of large stock.

MRS. JAS. BRADY,
No. 60 First St.

The following advertisement, published by a prominent western patent medicine house would indicate that they regard disease as a punishment for sin:

"Do you wish to know the quickest way to cure a severe cold? We will tell you. To cure a cold quickly, it must be treated before the cold has settled in the system. This can always be done if you choose to, as nature in her kindness to man gives timely warning and plainly tells you in nature's way, that as a punishment for some indiscretion, you are to be afflicted unless you choose to ward it off by prompt action. The first symptoms of a cold, in most cases, is a dry, loud cough and sneezing. The cough is soon followed by a profuse watery expectoration and the sneezing by a profuse watery discharge from the nose. In severe cases there is a thin white coating on the tongue. What to do? It is only necessary to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in double doses every hour. That will greatly lessen the severity of the cold and in most cases will effectually counteract it, and cure what would have been a severe cold within one or two days time. Try it and be convinced." 50 cent bottles for sale by H. E. Donaldson, Druggist

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Canajoharie, New York.

Miles Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. D. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, and children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples Free, at Tillson & Hayden's Dixon, Illinois.

CHICAGO INVESTMENTS!

For safe investments apply to Allen, Opdyke & Allen, Real Estate and Loans, rooms 29-30, Montauk Bldg., 115 Monroe St., Chicago. Refer by permission to Lyman J. Gage, First Nat., Bank Chicago; Logan C. Murray, U. S. Nat., Bank N.Y.; or H. M. Burford, Bank of Commerce Louisville.

Sale Stable!

On Seventh Street, between Galena Avenue and Hennepin.

Horses bought and Sold.

GIVE ME A CALL

JAS. C. CARNEY.

WE ARE HEAD-QUARTERS FOR

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Complete line of Tablets, Composition Students Note and Exercise Books.

Slates, Rulers and Bags

We carry a full line of

Office Supplies!

Day and Cheap Counter Books, Journals and Ledgers, and all kinds of Books.

Can Always Be Found at

Geo. E. Semarindyeck,

THE LEADING

Book, Music & Stationery Store

Galena Avenue.

LADIES!

We have arranged with the old and reliable Dying Establishment of Cook & McClaim of Chicago, for orders in their line of business. Ladies wishing dying or cleaning done will find their orders promptly attended to by leaving them in care of

AIKEN & WHITMORE
No. 14 East Main St.

Special Sale

Are you going to purchase a

Spring Jacket or a Nice Dress

This spring? If so, I will make Special Prices through this month.

All Goods as Low as the Lowest

C. A. BALLOU, Dixon, Illinois,
No. 5, First Street.

Horace Greely Says
Young Man Go West!

JOHN M. JULIEN,
Says young man go west to

Maple Park

where I can sell you some choice Lots. The streets are 60 feet wide, alleys 20 feet. Terms to suit purchaser. Call and see plat at Barber Shop or at A. C. Warner's office in Countryman's Block.

SATURDAY

Of each week will be special day for the sale of these LOTS.

JOHN M. JULIEN,
Dixon, Illinois.

FURNITURE!

New and Most Beautiful Ever Made!

Old English and XVIth Century Finish

C. H. KEYS,
63 Main Street.

KEEP OUT THE FLIES



Our : Screen : Doors

Are the best in the market!

ORDER YOUR DOORS OF

BRINK & DEETER,

Telephone No. 54.

BRUBAKER & CARPENTER'S
GRAND OPENING
SPRING JACKETS!

If you want a Jacket come now and make your selection.

CARPETS AND MATTINGS!

The rush has commenced. Everybody wants a New CARPET; most everybody is going to have one. MATTING is very popular and we are selling lots of it.

NO. 152 GALENA STREET

SPECIAL SALE

—AT THE—

Bee Hive, Saturday April 4th, 1891,
ONE DAY ONLY,
IN SILK UMBRELLAS!

\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.75 Umbrellas we will sell them at \$1.87, Saturday, April 4th

DON'T MISS THIS BARGAIN!

AT THE BEE HIVE,
158 GALENA AVENUE

HESS & ANTOINE

Have just received a New and Complete line of

SCOTCH CHEVIOTS AND WORSTEDS

Serges and other Spring Novelties!

THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF
Dress Goods AND Trimmings
IN THE CITY.

Examine Our New Gloves and Spring Hosiery!

Considering the extensive assortment, the high character of goods, and the extreme ly low prices, we believe ladies will find it of interest to visit our store.

52 MAIN STREET.

NOTICE

We will remove our stock to the building lately occupied by Duncan Bro's known as the Boston Store, West Main Street, about April 2nd.

CASH WILL TELL!

On and after April 7th we will give a discount for cash on all goods bought of us to the amount of one dollar and over.

A coupon book will be furnished to responsible parties in denominations of 5, 10 and \$25, payable in 15, 30 and 60 days. Save money by buying your goods of us.

N. B. All parties indebted to us please settle your accounts by April 7th, and get a coupon book.

J. F. WALTER
PROPRIETOR.
Walter Bro's Grocers. NO. 11 EAST MAIN STREET.

WE ARE WITH YOU

And again call your attention to our complete stock of

Drugs Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Etc!

Our Prescription Department is complete and we use only the best goods in compounding.

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF
Paints, Oils, Varnishes Brushes, Etc.,
And sell at Reasonable Prices.

CALL AND SEE US, AT
DONALDSON,
No. 12, Main Street.